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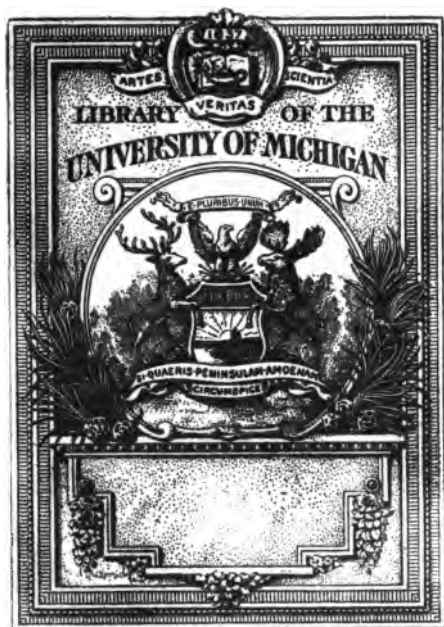
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GOOD-NATURED MAN

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GOLDSMITH'S
GOOD-NATURED MAN

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

K. DEIGHTON.



LONDON
GEORGE BELL & SONS
AND BOMBAY

1894

INTRODUCTION.

SHORTLY after the publication of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, in 1766, Goldsmith began to think of writing a comedy, and in 1767 *The Good-Natured Man* was submitted for Garrick's approval. Garrick, however, insisted upon great alterations being made, and Goldsmith declining to comply, the comedy was declined. It was, however, accepted by George Colman, the elder, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and there produced in January 1768, the Prologue being written by Dr Johnson. The result was fairly successful, though the scene of the bailiffs was objected to as being "low," and was afterwards cut out on the stage, to be restored, however, shortly afterwards, when the play was published. *The Good-Natured Man* ran for ten nights, and Goldsmith's share of the profits was £400. A further sum of £100 was received by him from the publication of the play.

She Stoops to Conquer was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in March 1773, and ran for twelve nights, Goldsmith receiving nearly £500 as proceeds of the three "author's nights." The leading incident of the piece—the mistaking a gentleman's house for an inn—is said to have been borrowed from a blunder of the author himself while travelling to school at Edgeworthstown; and the original title was *The Old House a New Inn*.

In both plays Goldsmith aimed at producing a natural transcript of life as opposed to the affectations of the sentimental school of Steele and his followers, in which, apart from the narrow restriction of the scene to polite life, comedy was set the task of reforming the morals, instead of imitating the manners of the age. In the former play the two main characters are Honeywood and Croaker. Of these, Honeywood is one whose exaggerated good-nature passes into a weak credulity that almost ruins him. Ready to give ear to every tale of distress, and always seeing the good side of things and persons, he has well-nigh beggared himself in fortune, and sacrificed happiness in marriage with a charming girl, when his uncle's intervention awakens him to a knowledge of his misplaced generosity, and points to a better way of employing his amiable instincts. Croaker, on the other hand, is a selfish schemer, ever gloating over the dark side of things, who, if he does not take as his motto "Evil, be thou my Good," is at least as ready to impute bad motives as Honeywood is to imagine good ones. A third character, perhaps an after-thought, is Jack Lofty, to whose introduction Garrick objected as being only a distraction to the main current of the play. A fortune-hunter, pretending to vast influence with men of rank and fashion, and an audacious liar, he serves as a peg upon which to hang a good deal of satire directed against the Court intrigues of the day, but has little influence upon the movement of the play. In many respects he is but a reproduction of Beau Tibbs in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, a character which Hazlitt pronounced to be "the best comic sketch since the time of Addison; unrivalled in his finery, his vanity, and his poverty:" though here with his unamiable qualities drawn in darker shades of colour.

She Stoops to Conquer is of more robust mould than *The Good-Natured Man*; the plot, though somewhat improbable,

of greater unity, and the characters, as a whole, more life-like. Here, as in his former effort, Goldsmith revolted against the sentimental drama, though well aware of the risk he ran. "The undertaking a comedy," he says in his dedication to Dr Johnson, "not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public." As Black remarks, "He hated the sentimentalists and all their works, and determined to keep his new comedy faithful to nature, whether people called it low or not. His object was to raise a genuine, hearty laugh, not to write a piece for school declamation; and he had enough confidence in himself to do the work in his own way. Moreover, he took the earliest possible opportunity, in writing this piece, of poking fun at the sensitive creatures who had been shocked by the 'vulgarity' of *The Good-Natured Man*." Hence, in Tony Lumpkin, the real hero of the play, he has not shrunk from giving us a faithful picture of an illiterate young scapegrace, with low tastes and impudent manners, who is yet a favourite with us, or to reproduce in all their comic rusticity the boorish ways of Mr Hardcastle's farm servants, even though Horace Walpole was to condemn the piece as "the lowest of all farces," vulgar not only in "the subject," but in "the execution," tending "to no moral, no edification of any kind." Mr Hardcastle is a well-drawn portrait of the squire of those days, hospitable, straightforward, good-humoured; his wife what might be expected of one who has seen so little of life outside her own petty sphere, and whose mind, narrow and selfish, owes nothing to any cultivation; while the vivacity, quick intellect, and adroitness of Miss Hardcastle, pleasantly show off the confusion into which Hastings—a somewhat shadowy character—is thrown by his mistake; and combine with Tony Lumpkin to make the farce,—if, with

Walpole, you so prefer to call it,—irresistibly amusing, and to ensure for it now little less success than when, on its first representation, the audience from beginning to end of the performance were in a roar of laughter.

THE
GOOD-NATURED MAN.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Dr. JOHNSON.

66
PRESS'D by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain :
Our anxious bard, without complaint, may share
This bustling season's epidemic care,
Like Cæsar's pilot, dignified by fate,
Toss'd in one common storm with all the great ;
Distress'd alike, the statesman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes, just the same ;
Disabled both to combat or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply ;
Uncheck'd, on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail ;

10

Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
 Till that glad night, when all that hate may hiss. 20
 "This day, the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
 Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote."
 "This night, our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
 "Lies at my feet—I hiss him, and he dies."
 The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe :
 The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
 Yet, judged by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
 He feels no want of ill-persuading gold ;
 But confident of praise, if praise be due,
 Trusts, without fear, to merit, and to you. 30

 ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in Young HONEYWOOD's House.*

Enter Sir WILLIAM HONEYWOOD and JARVIS.

SIR WILLIAM. Good Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity like yours is the best excuse for every freedom.

Jarvis. I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of disinheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

Sir William. Say, rather, that he loves all the world ; that is his fault.

Jarvis. I'm sure there is no part of it more dear to him 10 than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

Sir William. What signifies his affection to me ? or how can I be proud of a place in a heart where every sharper and coxcomb find an easy entrance ?

Jarvis. I grant you that he is rather too good-natured ; that he's too much every man's man ; that he laughs this

minute with one, and cries the next with another ; but whose instructions may he thank for all this ?

Sir William. Not mine, sure. My letters to him during 20 my employment in Italy taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend his errors.

Jarvis. Faith, begging your honour's pardon, I'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all ; it has only served to spoil him. This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey. For my own part, whenever I hear him mention the name on 't, I'm always sure he's going to play the fool.

Sir William. Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I entreat you. No, Jarvis, his good-nature 30 arises rather from his fears of offending the importunate, than his desire of making the deserving happy.

Jarvis. What it arises from, I don't know ; but, to be sure, everybody has it that asks it.

Sir William. Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a concealed spectator of his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipation.

Jarvis. And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance, generosity ; and his trusting everybody, universal benevolence. It was but 40 last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of exalted mu—mu—munificence ; ay, that was the name he gave it.

Sir William. And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, though with very little hopes, to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now, my intention is to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has plunged himself into real calamity : to arrest him for that very debt ; to clap an officer upon him, and then let him see which of his friends will come 50 to his relief.

Jarvis. Well, if I could but any way see him thoroughly vexed, every groan of his would be music to me ; yet, faith, I believe it impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years ; but instead of

being angry, he sits as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hairdresser.

Sir William. We must try him once more, however, and I'll go this instant to put my scheme into execution : and I don't despair of succeeding, as, by your means, I can have frequent opportunities of being about him without being known. What a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good-will to others should produce so much neglect of himself, as to require correction ! Yet we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue. [Exit.

Jarvis. Well, go thy ways, Sir William Honeywood. It is not without reason that the world allows thee to be the best of men. But here comes his hopeful nephew—70 the strange, good-natured, foolish, open-hearted—And yet, all his faults are such, that one loves him still the better for them.

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeywood. Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning ?

Jarvis. You have no friends.

Honeywood. Well, from my acquaintance then ?

Jarvis. [*Pulling out bills.*] A few of our usual cards of compliment, that's all. This bill from your tailor ; this from your mercer ; and this from the little broker in Crooked-lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

Honeywood. That I don't know ; but I am sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

Jarvis. He has lost all patience.

Honeywood. Then he has lost a very good thing.

Jarvis. There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth, for a while at least.

Honeywood. Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths 90

in the meantime? Must I be cruel, because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his avarice, leave them to insupportable distress?

Jarvis. 'Sdeath! sir, the question now is how to relieve yourself. Yourself.—Haven't I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at sixes and sevens?

Honeywood. Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you'll allow that I'm not quite unreasonable for continuing in mine.

Jarvis. You are the only man alive in your present situation that could do so—everything upon the waste. There's Miss Richland and her fine fortune gone already, and upon the point of being given to your rival——

Honeywood. I'm no man's rival.

Jarvis. Your uncle in Italy preparing to disinherit you; your own fortune almost spent; and nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, and a pack of drunken servants that your kindness has made unfit for any other family.

Honeywood. Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.

110

Jarvis. Soh! What will you have done with him that I caught stealing your plate in the pantry? In the fact—I caught him in the fact.

Honeywood. In the fact? If so, I really think that we should pay him his wages, and turn him off.

Jarvis. He shall be turned off at Tyburn, the dog! we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest of the family.

Honeywood. No, Jarvis: it's enough that we have lost what he has stolen; let us not add to it the loss of a fellow-creature!

Jarvis. Very fine! Well, here was the footman just now, to complain of the butler: he says he does most work, and ought to have most wages.

Honeywood. That's but just; though perhaps here comes the butler to complain of the footman.

Jarvis. Ay, it's the way with them all, from the scullion to the privy-counsellor. If they have a bad master, they

keep quarrelling with him ; if they have a good master, they keep quarrelling with one another.

130

Enter Butler, drunk.

Butler. Sir, I'll not stay in the family with Jonathan ; you must part with him, or part with me, that's the ex—ex—exposition of the matter, sir.

Honeywood. Full and explicit enough. But what's his fault, good Philip ?

Butler. Sir, he's given to drinking, sir, and I shall have my morals corrupted by keeping such company.

Honeywood. Ha ! ha ! he has such a diverting way——

Jarvis. Oh, quite amusing.

Butler. I find my wine's a-going, sir ; and liquors don't 140 go without mouths, sir—I hate a drunkard, sir.

Honeywood. Well, well, Philip, I'll hear you upon that another time ; so go to bed now.

Jarvis. To bed ! let him go to the devil.

Butler. Begging your honour's pardon, and begging your pardon, Master Jarvis, I'll not go to bed, nor to the devil neither. I have enough to do to mind my cellar. I forgot, your honour, Mr. Croaker is below. I came on purpose to tell you.

Honeywood. Why didn't you show him up, blockhead ? 150

Butler. Show him up, sir ? With all my heart, sir. Up or down, all's one to me. [*Exit.*]

Jarvis. Ay, we have one or other of that family in this house from morning till night. He comes on the old affair, I suppose. The match between his son that's just returned from Paris, and Miss Richland, the young lady he's guardian to.

Honeywood. Perhaps so. Mr. Croaker, knowing my friendship for the young lady, has got it into his head that I can persuade her to what I please.

160

Jarvis. Ah ! if you loved yourself but half as well as she loves you, we should soon see a marriage that would set all things to rights again.

Honeywood. Love me! Sure, Jarvis, you dream. No, no; her intimacy with me never amounted to more than friendship—mere friendship. That she is the most lovely woman that ever warmed the human heart with desire, I own: but never let me harbour a thought of making her unhappy, by a connection with one so unworthy her merits as I am. No, Jarvis, it shall be my study to serve her, 170 even in spite of my wishes; and to secure her happiness, though it destroys my own.

Jarvis. Was ever the like? I want patience.

Honeywood. Besides, Jarvis, though I could obtain Miss Richland's consent, do you think I could succeed with her guardian, or Mrs. Croaker, his wife; who, though both very fine in their way, are yet a little opposite in their dispositions, you know.

Jarvis. Opposite enough, Heaven knows! the very reverse of each other; she all laugh, and no joke; he always complaining, and never sorrowful—a fretful poor soul, that has a new distress for every hour in the four-and-twenty—

Honeywood. Hush, hush! he's coming up, he'll hear you.

Jarvis. One whose voice is a passing-bell——

Honeywood. Well, well; go, do.

Jarvis. A raven that bodes nothing but mischief—a coffin and cross bones—a bundle of rue—a spring of deadly nightshade—a—*[Honeywood, stopping his mouth, at last pushes him off].* *[Exit Jarvis.]*

Honeywood. I must own my old monitor is not entirely 190 wrong. There is something in my friend Croaker's conversation that quite depresses me. His very mirth is an antidote to all gaiety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop—Mr. Croaker, this is such a satisfaction——

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. A pleasant morning to Mr. Honeywood, and many of them. How is this! you look most shockingly to-day, my dear friend. I hope this weather does not

affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather continues— I say nothing ; but God send we be all better this day 200 three months !

Honeywood. I heartily concur in the wish, though, I own, not in your apprehensions.

Croaker. May be not. Indeed, what signifies what weather we have in a country going to ruin like ours ? taxes rising and trade falling ; money flying out of the kingdom, and Jesuits swarming into it. I know, at this time, no less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing Cross and Temple Bar.

Honeywood. The Jesuits will scarce pervert you or me, I 210 should hope.

Croaker. May be not. Indeed, what signifies whom they pervert, in a country that has scarce any religion to lose ? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters.

Honeywood. I have no apprehensions for the ladies, I assure you.

Croaker. May be not. Indeed, what signifies whether they be perverted or no ? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady drest from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly : but now-a-days, the 220 devil a thing of their own manufactures about them, except their faces.

Honeywood. But, however these faults may be practised abroad, you don't find them at home, either with Mrs. Croaker, Olivia, or Miss Richland ?

Croaker. The best of them will never be canonized for a saint when she's dead.—By the by, my dear friend, I don't find this match between Miss Richland and my son much relished, either by one side or t'other.

Honeywood. I thought otherwise.

230

Croaker. Ah ! Mr. Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far : I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

Honeywood. But would not that be usurping an authority that more properly belongs to yourself ?

Croaker. My dear friend, you know but little of my

authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife 240 has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

Honeywood. But a little spirit exerted on your side might perhaps restore your authority.

Croaker. No, though I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouse sometimes; but what then? always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

Honeywood. It's a melancholy consideration, indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and 250 that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

Croaker. Ah! my dear friend, these were the very words of poor Dick Doleful to me, not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. Ah! there was merit neglected for you! and so true a friend! we loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing!

Honeywood. Pray what could induce him to commit so 260 rash an action at last?

Croaker. I don't know: some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me; because we used to meet now and then, and open our hearts to each other. To be sure, I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk; poor dear Dick! He used to say that Croaker rhymed to joker; and so we used to laugh.—Poor Dick!

[*Going to cry.*]

Honeywood. His fate affects me.

Croaker. Ay, he grew sick of this miserable life, where 270 we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

Honeywood. To say truth, if we compare that part of life

which is to come, by that which we have past, the prospect is hideous.

Croaker. Life, at the greatest and best, is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

Honeywood. Very true, sir, nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

Croaker. Ah! my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. I am willing to show him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself.—And what if I bring my last letter to the *Gazetteer*, on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit—from London to Lisbon—from Lisbon to the Canary Islands—from the Canary Islands to Palmyra—from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again. [Exit.

Honeywood. Poor Croaker! his situation deserves the utmost pity. I shall scarce recover my spirits these three days. Sure, to live upon such terms is worse than death itself. And yet, when I consider my own situation—a broken fortune, a hopeless passion, friends in distress, the wish, but not the power, to serve them—[Pausing and sighing].

Enter Butler.

Butler. More company below, sir; Mrs. Croaker and Miss Richland; shall I show them up?—but they're showing up themselves. [Exit.

Enter Mrs. CROAKER and Miss RICHLAND.

Miss Richland. You're always in such spirits.

Mrs. Croaker. We have just come, my dear Honeywood,

from the auction. There was the old deaf dowager, as usual, bidding like a fury against herself. And then so curious in antiques! herself, the most genuine piece of 310 antiquity in the whole collection.

Honeywood. Excuse me, ladies, if some uneasiness from friendship makes me unfit to share in this good humour: I know you'll pardon me.

Mrs. Croaker. I vow he seems as melancholy as if he had taken a dose of my husband this morning. Well, if Richland here can pardon you, I must.

Miss Richland. You would seem to insinuate, madam, that I have particular reasons for being disposed to refuse it:

Mrs. Croaker. Whatever I insinuate, my dear, don't be 320 so ready to wish an explanation.

Miss Richland. I own I should be sorry Mr. Honeywood's long friendship and mine should be misunderstood.

Honeywood. There's no answering for others, madam; but I hope you'll never find me presuming to offer more than the most delicate friendship may readily allow.

Miss Richland. And I shall be prouder of such a tribute from you than the most passionate professions from others.

Honeywood. My own sentiments, madam: friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject 330 intercourse between tyrants and slaves.

Miss Richland. And, without a compliment, I know none more disinterested, or more capable of friendship, than Mr. Honeywood.

Mrs. Croaker. And, indeed, I know nobody that has more friends, at least among the ladies. Miss Fruzz, Miss Oddbody, and Miss Winterbottom, praise him in all companies. As for Miss Bidly Bundle, she's his professed admirer.

Miss Richland. Indeed! an admirer!—I did not know, 340 sir, you were such a favourite there. But is she, seriously, so handsome? Is she the mighty thing talked of?

Honeywood. The town, madam, seldom begins to praise a lady's beauty till she's beginning to lose it. [*Smiling.*]

Mrs. Croaker. But she's resolved never to lose it, it

seems. For as her natural face decays, her skill improves in making the artificial one. Well, nothing diverts me more than one of those fine, old, dressy things, who thinks to conceal her age by everywhere exposing her person; sticking herself up in the front of a side-box; trailing 350 through a minuet at Almack's; and then, in the public gardens—looking, for all the world, like one of the painted ruins of the place.

Honeywood. Every age has its admirers, ladies. While you, perhaps, are trading among the warmer climates of youth, there ought to be some to carry on a useful commerce in the frozen latitudes beyond fifty.

Miss Richland. But, then, the mortifications they must suffer, before they can be fitted out for traffic. I have seen one of them fret a whole morning at her hairdresser, when 360 all the fault was her face.

Honeywood. And yet, I'll engage, has carried that face at last to a very good market. This good-natured town, madam, has husbands, like spectacles, to fit every age, from fifteen to fourscore.

Mrs. Croaker. Well, you're a dear good-natured creature. But you know you're engaged with us this morning upon a strolling party. I want to show Olivia the town, and the things: I believe I shall have business for you the whole day. 370

Honeywood. I am sorry, madam, I have an appointment with Mr. Croaker, which it is impossible to put off.

Mrs. Croaker. What! with my husband! then I'm resolved to take no refusal. Nay, I protest you must. You know I never laugh so much as with you.

Honeywood. Why, if I must, I must. I'll swear you have put me into such spirits. Well, do you find jest, and I'll find laugh, I promise you. We'll wait for the chariot in the next room. [Exeunt.

Enter LEONTINE and OLIVIA.

Leontine. There they go, thoughtless and happy. My 280

dearest Olivia, what would I give to see you capable of sharing in their amusements, and as cheerful as they are!

Olivia. How, my Leontine, how can I be cheerful, when I have so many terrors to oppress me? The fear of being detected by this family, and the apprehensions of a censuring world, when I must be detected——

Leontine. The world, my love! what can it say? At worst it can only say that, being compelled by a mercenary guardian to embrace a life you disliked, you formed a resolution of flying with the man of your choice; that you confided in his honour, and took refuge in my father's house,—the only one where yours could remain without censure.

Olivia. But consider, Leontine, your disobedience and my indiscretion; your being sent to France to bring home a sister, and, instead of a sister, bringing home——

Leontine. One dearer than a thousand sisters. One that I am convinced will be equally dear to the rest of the family when she comes to be known.

Olivia. And that, I fear, will shortly be.

400

Leontine. Impossible, till we ourselves think proper to make the discovery. My sister, you know, has been with her aunt, at Lyons, since she was a child, and you find every creature in the family takes you for her.

Olivia. But mayn't she write? mayn't her aunt write?

Leontine. Her aunt scarce ever writes, and all my sister's letters are directed to me.

Olivia. But won't your refusing Miss Richland, for whom you know the old gentleman intends you, create a suspicion?

410

Leontine. There, there's my master-stroke. I have resolved not to refuse her; nay, an hour hence I have consented to go with my father to make her an offer of my heart and fortune.

Olivia. Your heart and fortune!

Leontine. Don't be alarm'd, my dearest. Can Olivia think so meanly of my honour, or my love, as to suppose I could ever hope for happiness from any but her? No, my

Olivia, neither the force, nor, permit me to add, the delicacy of my passion, leave any room to suspect me. I only offer 420 Miss Richland a heart I am convinced she will refuse; as I am confident that, without knowing it, her affections are fixed upon Mr. Honeywood.

Olivia. Mr. Honeywood! You'll excuse my apprehensions; but when your merits come to be put in the balance——

Leontine. You view them with too much partiality. However, by making this offer, I show a seeming compliance with my father's command; and perhaps, upon her refusal, I may have his consent to choose for myself. 430

Olivia. Well, I submit. And yet, my Leontine, I own I shall envy her even your pretended addresses. I consider every look, every expression of your esteem, as due only to me. This is folly perhaps: I allow it; but it is natural to suppose that merit which has made an impression on one's own heart may be powerful over that of another.

Leontine. Don't, my life's treasure, don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter. At worst, you know, if Miss Richland should consent, or my father refuse his pardon, it can but end in a 440 trip to Scotland; and——

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Where have you been, boy? I have been seeking you. My friend Honeywood here has been saying such comfortable things! Ah! he's an example indeed. Where is he? I left him here.

Leontine. Sir, I believe you may see him, and hear him too, in the next room: he's preparing to go out with the ladies.

Croaker. Good gracious! can I believe my eyes or my ears? I'm struck dumb with his vivacity, and stunned 450 with the loudness of his laugh. Was there ever such a transformation! [*A laugh behind the scenes: Croaker mimics it.*] Ha! ha! ha! there it goes: a plague take their bal-

derdash ! yet I could expect nothing less, when my precious wife was of the party. On my conscience, I believe she could spread a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle.

Leontine. Since you find so many objections to a wife, sir, how can you be so earnest in recommending one to me ?

Croaker. I have told you, and tell you again, boy, that 460 Miss Richland's fortune must not go out of the family ; one may find comfort in the money, whatever one does in the wife.

Leontine. But, sir, though in obedience to your desire I am ready to marry her, it may be possible she has no inclination to me.

Croaker. I'll tell you once for all how it stands. A good part of Miss Richland's large fortune consists in a claim upon Government, which my good friend, Mr. Lofty, assures me the Treasury will allow. One half of this she is to 470 forfeit, by her father's will, in case she refuses to marry you. So, if she rejects you, we seize half her fortune ; if she accepts you, we seize the whole, and a fine girl into the bargain.

Leontine. But, sir, if you will but listen to reason——

Croaker. Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you I'm fixed, determined—so now produce your reasons. When I am determined, I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.

Leontine. You have alleged that a mutual choice was the 480 first requisite in matrimonial happiness.

Croaker. Well, and you have both of you a mutual choice. She has her choice,—to marry you or lose half her fortune ; and you have your choice,—to marry her, or pack out of doors without any fortune at all.

Leontine. An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.

Croaker. An only father, sir, might expect more obedience. Besides, has not your sister here, that never obliged me in her life, as good a right as you ? He's a sad 490 dog, Livy, my dear, and would take all from you. But he

shan't: I tell you he shan't; for you shall have your share.

Olivia. Dear sir, I wish you'd be convinced that I can never be happy in any addition to my fortune which is taken from his.

Croaker. Well, well, it's a good child, so say no more; but come with me, and we shall see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure, I promise you:—old Ruggins, the currycomb maker, lying in state: I am told 500 he makes a very handsome corpse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously. He was an intimate friend of mine, and these are friendly things we ought to do for each other.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE—CROAKER'S *House*.

Miss RICHLAND, GARNET.

Miss Richland. Olivia not his sister? Olivia not Leontine's sister? You amaze me!

Garnet. No more his sister than I am; I had it all from his own servant; I can get anything from that quarter.

Miss Richland. But how? Tell me again, Garnet.

Garnet. Why, madam, as I told you before, instead of going to Lyons to bring home his sister, who has been there with her aunt these ten years, he never went farther than Paris: there he saw and fell in love with this young lady—by the by, of a prodigious family. 10

Miss Richland. And brought her home to my guardian as his daughter?

Garnet. Yes, and his daughter she will be. If he don't consent to their marriage, they talk of trying what a Scotch parson can do.

Miss Richland. Well, I own they have deceived me. And so demurely as Olivia carried it too!—Would you believe it, Garnet, I told her all my secrets; and yet the sly cheat concealed all this from me?

Garnet. And, upon my word, madam, I don't much 20 blame her: she was loth to trust one with her secrets that was so very bad at keeping her own.

Miss Richland. But, to add to their deceit, the young gentleman, it seems, pretends to make me serious proposals. My guardian and he are to be here presently, to open the affair in form. You know I am to lose half my fortune if I refuse him.

Garnet. Yet, what can you do? For being, as you are, in love with Mr. Honeywood, madam——

Miss Richland. How! idiot, what do you mean? In love 30 with Mr. Honeywood! Is this to provoke me?

Garnet. That is, madam, in friendship with him: I meant nothing more than friendship, as I hope to be married—nothing more.

Miss Richland. Well, no more of this! As to my guardian and his son, they shall find me prepared to receive them; I'm resolved to accept their proposal with seeming pleasure, to mortify them by compliance, and so throw the refusal at last upon them.

Garnet. Delicious! and that will secure your whole 40 fortune to yourself. Well, who could have thought so innocent a face could cover so much 'cuteness!

Miss Richland. Why, girl, I only oppose my prudence to their cunning, and practise a lesson they have taught me against themselves.

Garnet. Then you're likely not long to want employment, for here they come, and in close conference.

Enter CROAKER and LEONTINE.

Leontine. Excuse me, sir, if I seem to hesitate upon the point of putting to the lady so important a question.

Croaker. Lord! good sir, moderate your fears; you're so 50 plaguy shy, that one would think you had changed sexes. I tell you we must have the half or the whole. Come, let me see with what spirit you begin. Well, why don't you? Eh! What? Well then, I must, it seems.—Miss Richland, my dear, I believe you guess at our business; an affair which my son here comes to open, that nearly concerns your happiness.

Miss Richland. Sir, I should be ungrateful not to be pleased with anything that comes recommended by you.

Croaker. How, boy, could you desire a finer opening? 60 Why don't you begin, I say? [*To LEONTINE.*]

Leontine. 'Tis true, madam,—my father, madam,—has

some intentions—hem—of explaining an affair,—which—himself can best explain, madam.

Croaker. Yes, my dear; it comes entirely from my son; it's all a request of his own, madam. And I will permit him to make the best of it.

Leontine. The whole affair is only this, madam: my father has a proposal to make, which he insists none but himself shall deliver.

70

Croaker. My mind misgives me, the fellow will never be brought on. [*Aside.*] In short, madam, you see before you one that loves you—one whose whole happiness is all in you.

Miss Richland. I never had any doubts of your regard, sir; and I hope you can have none of my duty.

Croaker. That's not the thing, my little sweeting; my love! no, no, another-guess lover than I: there he stands, madam; his very looks declare the force of his passion—Call up a look, you dog! [*Aside.*] But then, had you seen 80 him, as I have, weeping, speaking soliloquies and blank verse, sometimes melancholy, and sometimes absent—

Miss Richland. I fear, sir, he's absent now; or such a declaration would have come most properly from himself.

Croaker. Himself, madam! he would die before he could make such a confession; and if he had not a channel for his passion through me, it would ere now have drowned his understanding.

Miss Richland. I must grant, sir, there are attractions in modest diffidence above the force of words. A silent 90 address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

Croaker. Madam, he has forgot to speak any other language; silence is become his mother-tongue.

Miss Richland. And it must be confessed, sir, it speaks very powerfully in his favour. And yet I shall be thought too forward in making such a confession; shan't I, Mr. 1 Leontine?

Leontine. Confusion! my reserve will undo me. But, if modesty attracts her, impudence may disgust her. I'll try. [*Aside.*] Don't imagine from my silence, madam, that I 100

want a due sense of the honour and happiness intended me. My father, madam, tells me your humble servant is not totally indifferent to you. He admires you: I adore you; and when we come together, upon my soul, I believe we shall be the happiest couple in all St. James's.

Miss Richland. If I could flatter myself you thought as you speak, sir——

Leontine. Doubt my sincerity, madam? By your dear self I swear! Ask the brave if they desire glory; ask cowards if they covet safety——

110

Croaker. Well, well, no more questions about it.

Leontine. Ask the sick if they long for health; ask misers if they love money; ask——

Croaker. Ask a fool if he can talk nonsense! What's come over the boy? What signifies asking, when there's not a soul to give you an answer? If you would ask to the purpose, ask this lady's consent to make you happy.

Miss Richland. Why, indeed, sir, his uncommon ardour almost compels me—forces me to comply.—And yet I'm afraid he'll despise a conquest gained with too much ease; 120 won't you, Mr. Leontine?

Leontine. Confusion! [*Aside.*] Oh, by no means, madam, by no means. And yet, madam, you talked of force. There is nothing I would avoid so much as compulsion in a thing of this kind. No, madam, I will still be generous, and leave you at liberty to refuse.

Croaker. But I tell you, sir, the lady is not at liberty. It's a match. You see she says nothing. Silence gives consent.

Leontine. But, sir, she talked of force. Consider, sir, 120 the cruelty of constraining her inclinations.

Croaker. But I say there's no cruelty. Don't you know, blockhead, that girls have always a roundabout way of saying yes before company? So get you both gone together into the next room, and hang him that interrupts the tender explanation. Get you gone, I say; I'll not hear a word.

Leontine. But, sir, I must beg leave to insist——

Croaker. Get off, you puppy, or I'll beg leave to insist

upon knocking you down. Stupid whelp! But I don't wonder: the boy takes entirely after his mother. 140

[*Exeunt* Miss RICHLAND and LEONTINE.]

Enter Mrs. CROAKER.

Mrs. Croaker. Mr. Croaker, I bring you something, my dear, that I believe will make you smile.

Croaker. I'll hold you a guinea of that, my dear.

Mrs. Croaker. A letter; and as I knew the hand, I ventured to open it.

Croaker. And how can you expect your breaking open my letters should give me pleasure?

Mrs. Croaker. Pooh! it's from your sister at Lyons, and contains good news: read it.

Croaker. What a Frenchified cover is here! That sister 150 of mine has some good qualities, but I could never teach her to fold a letter.

Mrs. Croaker. Fold a fiddlestick! Read what it contains.

CROAKER (*reading*).

"DEAR NICK,—An English gentleman, of large fortune, has for some time made private, though honourable, proposals to your daughter Olivia. They love each other tenderly, and I find she has consented, without letting any of the family know, to crown his addresses. As such good offers don't come every day, your own good sense, his large fortune, and family considerations, will induce you to forgive 160 her.—Yours ever,

"RACHAEL CROAKER."

My daughter Olivia privately contracted to a man of large fortune! This is good news indeed. My heart never foretold me of this. And yet, how sily the little baggage has carried it since she came home. Not a word on't to the old ones for the world. Yet I thought I saw something she wanted to conceal.

Mrs. Croaker. Well, if they have concealed their amour,

they shan't conceal their wedding; that shall be public, I'm resolved.

170

Croaker. I tell thee, woman, the wedding is the most foolish part of the ceremony. I can never get this woman to think of the more serious part of the nuptial engagement.

Mrs. Croaker. What! would you have me think of their funeral? But come, tell me, my dear, don't you owe more to me than you care to confess?—Would you have ever been known to Mr. Lofty, who has undertaken Miss Richland's claim at the Treasury, but for me? Who was it first made him an acquaintance at Lady Shabbaroon's rout? Who got him to promise us his interest? Is not he a backstairs favourite—one that can do what he pleases with those that do what they please? Isn't he an acquaintance that all your groaning and lamentations could never have got us?

Croaker. He is a man of importance, I grant you. And yet what amazes me is, that, while he is giving away places to all the world, he can't get one for himself.

Mrs. Croaker. That, perhaps, may be owing to his nicety. Great men are not easily satisfied.

190

Enter French Servant.

Servant. An expresse from Monsieur Lofty. He vil be vait upon your honours instammant. He be only giving four five instruction, read two tree memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vil be vid you in one tree minutes.

Mrs. Croaker. You see now, my dear. What an extensive department! Well, friend, let your master know that we are extremely honoured by this honour. Was there anything ever in a higher style of breeding? All messages among the great are now done by express.

[Exit French Servant.]

Croaker. To be sure, no man does little things with 200 more solemnity, or claims more respect, than he. But he's

in the right on't. In our bad world, respect is given where respect is claimed.

Mrs. Croaker. Never mind the world, my dear; you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect [*a loud rapping at the door*], and there he is, by the thundering rap.

Croaker. Ay, verily, there he is! as close upon the heels of his own express, as an endorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive him, whilst I go to 210 chide my little Olivia for intending to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt's consent. I must seem to be angry, or she too may begin to despise my authority. [*Exit.*]

Enter LOFTY, speaking to his Servant.

Lofty. And if the Venetian ambassador, or that teasing creature the Marquis, shall call, I'm not at home. Dam'me, I'll be pack-horse to none of them.—My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—And if the expresses to his Grace be ready, let them be sent off; they're of importance.—Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

Mrs. Croaker. Sir, this honour—

220

Lofty. And, Dubardieu! if the person calls about the commission, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumbercourt's stale request, it can keep cold: you understand me.—Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

Mrs. Croaker. Sir, this honour—

Lofty. And, Dubardieu! if the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him, I say.—Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.—And if the Russian ambassador calls; but he will scarce call to-day, I believe.—And now, madam, I have just got time to 230 express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

Mrs. Croaker. Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine; and yet, I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

Lofty. Sink the public, madam, when the fair are to be

attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in affairs? Thus it is eternally; solicited for places here, teased for pensions there, and courted everywhere. I know 240 you pity me. Yes, I see you do.

Mrs. Croaker. Excuse me, sir, "Toils of empires pleasures are," as Waller says.

Lofty. Waller—Waller; is he of the House?

Mrs. Croaker. The modern poet of that name, sir.

Lofty. Oh, a modern! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but not for us. Why, now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of 250 books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp act, or a jag-hire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

Mrs. Croaker. The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

Lofty. I vow to gad, madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little 260 dirty levees. Yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm—that is, as mere men.

Mrs. Croaker. What importance, and yet what modesty!

Lofty. Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam, there, I own, I'm accessible to praise: modesty is my foible: it was so the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. "I love Jack Lofty," he used to say, "no man has a finer knowledge of 270 things; quite a man of information; and when he speaks upon his legs, by the Lord, he's prodigious—he scouts them; and yet all men have their faults: too much modesty is his," says his Grace.

Mrs. Croaker. And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your friends.

Lofty. Oh, there, indeed, I'm in bronze. Apropos! I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain personage; we must name no names. When I ask, I'm not to be put off, madam. No, no, I take my friend by the 280 button. "A fine girl, sir; great justice in her case—a friend of mine—Borough interest. Business must be done, Mr. Secretary. I say, Mr. Secretary, her business must be done, sir." That's my way, madam.

Mrs. Croaker. Bless me! you said all this to the Secretary of State, did you?

Lofty. I did not say the Secretary, did I? Well, curse it, since you have found me out, I will not deny it:—it was to the Secretary.

Mrs. Croaker. This was going to the fountain-head at 290 once, not applying to the understrappers, as Mr. Honeywood would have had us.

Lofty. Honeywood! he! he! He was, indeed, a fine solicitor. I suppose you have heard what has just happened to him?

Mrs. Croaker. Poor dear man! no accident, I hope?

Lofty. Undone, madam, that's all. His creditors have taken him into custody—a prisoner in his own house.

Mrs. Croaker. A prisoner in his own house! How? At this very time? I'm quite unhappy for him. 300

Lofty. Why, so am I. The man, to be sure, was immensely good-natured. But then, I could never find that he had anything in him.

Mrs. Croaker. His manner, to be sure, was excessive harmless; some, indeed, thought it a little dull. For my part, I always concealed my opinion.

Lofty. It can't be concealed, madam; the man was dull—dull as the last new comedy! a poor impracticable creature! I tried once or twice to know if he was fit for business; but he had scarce talents to be groom-porter to 310 an orange-barrow.

Mrs. Croaker. How differently does Miss Richland think

of him! For, I believe, with all his faults, she loves him.

Lofty. Loves him! Does she! You should cure her of that, by all means. Let me see; what if she were sent to him this instant, in his present doleful situation? My life for it, that works her cure. Distress is a perfect antidote to love. Suppose we join her in the next room? Miss Richland is a fine girl, has a fine fortune, and must not be thrown away. Upon my honour, madam, I have a regard for Miss Richland; and, rather than she should be thrown away, I should think it no indignity to marry her myself.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter OLIVIA and LEONTINE.

Leontine. And yet, trust me, Olivia, I had every reason to expect Miss Richland's refusal, as I did everything in my power to deserve it. Her indelicacy surprises me!

Olivia. Sure, Leontine, there's nothing so indelicate in being sensible of your merit. If so, I fear I shall be the most guilty thing alive.

Leontine. But you mistake, my dear. The same attention I used to advance my merit with you, I practised to lessen it with her. What more could I do?

Olivia. Let us now rather consider what's to be done. We have both dissembled too long. I have always been ashamed—I am now quite weary of it. Sure I could never have undergone so much for any other but you.

Leontine. And you shall find my gratitude equal to your kindest compliance. Though our friends should totally forsake us, Olivia, we can draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

340

Olivia. Then why should we defer our scheme of humble happiness, when it is now in our power? I may be the favourite of your father, it is true; but can it ever be thought that his present kindness to a supposed child will continue to a known deceiver?

Leontine. I have many reasons to believe it will. As his attachments are but few, they are lasting. His own

marriage was a private one, as ours may be. Besides, I have sounded him already at a distance, and find all his answers exactly to our wish. Nay, by an expression or two 350 that dropped from him, I am induced to think he knows of this affair.

Olivia. Indeed! But that would be a happiness too great to be expected.

Leontine. However it be, I'm certain you have power over him; and am persuaded, if you informed him of our situation, that he would be disposed to pardon it.

Olivia. You had equal expectations, Leontine, from your last scheme with Miss Richland, which you find has succeeded most wretchedly. 360

Leontine. And that's the best reason for trying another.

Olivia. If it must be so, I submit.

Leontine. As we could wish, he comes this way. Now, my dearest Olivia, be resolute. I'll just retire within hearing, to come in at a proper time, either to share your danger, or confirm your victory. [*Exit.*]

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Yes, I must forgive her; and yet not too easily neither. It will be proper to keep up the decorums of resentment a little, if it be only to impress her with an idea of my authority. 370

Olivia. How I tremble to approach him!—Might I presume, sir—if I interrupt you—

Croaker. No, child, where I have an affection, it is not a little thing can interrupt me. Affection gets over little things.

Olivia. Sir, you're too kind. I'm sensible how ill I deserve this partiality; yet, Heaven knows, there is nothing I would not do to gain it.

Croaker. And you have but too well succeeded, you little hussy, you. With those endearing ways of yours, on 380 my conscience, I could be brought to forgive anything, unless it were a very great offence indeed.

Olivia. But mine is such an offence—when you know my guilt—yes, you shall know it, though I feel the greatest pain in the confession.

Croaker. Why, then, if it be so very great a pain, you may spare yourself the trouble; for I know every syllable of the matter before you begin.

Olivia. Indeed! then I'm undone.

Croaker. Ay, Miss, you wanted to steal a match, without 390 letting me know it, did you? But I'm not worth being consulted, I suppose, when there's to be a marriage in my own family. No, I'm to have no hand in the disposal of my own children. No, I'm nobody. I'm to be a mere article of family lumber; a piece of cracked china, to be stuck up in a corner.

Olivia. Dear sir, nothing but the dread of your authority could induce us to conceal it from you.

Croaker. No, no, my consequence is no more; I'm as little minded as a dead Russian in winter, just stuck up 400 with a pipe in its mouth till there comes a thaw.—It goes to my heart to vex her. [*Aside.*]

Olivia. I was prepared, sir, for your anger, and despaired of pardon, even while I presumed to ask it. But your severity shall never abate my affection, as my punishment is but justice.

Croaker. And yet you should not despair neither, Livy. We ought to hope all for the best.

Olivia. And do you permit me to hope, sir? Can I ever expect to be forgiven? But hope has too long deceived me. 410

Croaker. Why then, child, it shan't deceive you now, for I forgive you this very moment. I forgive you all; and now you are indeed my daughter!

Olivia. Oh, transport! this kindness overpowers me.

Croaker. I was always against severity to our children. We have been young and giddy ourselves, and we can't expect boys and girls to be old before their time.

Olivia. What generosity! But can you forget the many falsehoods, the dissimulation—

Croaker. You did indeed dissemble, you urchin you; 420

but where's the girl that won't dissemble for a husband? My wife and I had never been married, if we had not dissembled a little beforehand.

Olivia. It shall be my future care never to put such generosity to a second trial. And as for the partner of my offence and folly, from his native honour, and the just sense he has of his duty, I can answer for him that——

Enter LEONTINE.

Leontine. Permit him thus to answer for himself. [*Kneeling.*] Thus, sir, let me speak my gratitude for this unmerited forgiveness. Yes, sir, this even exceeds all your 430 former tenderness: I now can boast the most indulgent of fathers. The life he gave, compared to this, was but a trifling blessing.

Croaker. And, good sir, who sent for you, with that fine tragedy face, and flourishing manner? I don't know what we have to do with your gratitude upon this occasion.

Leontine. How, sir! Is it possible to be silent, when so much obliged? Would you refuse me the pleasure of being grateful? of adding my thanks to my Olivia's? of sharing in the transports that you have thus occasioned? 440

Croaker. Lord, sir, we can be happy enough without your coming in to make up the party. I don't know what's the matter with the boy all this day; he has got into such a rhodomontade manner all this morning!

Leontine. But, sir, I that have so large a part in the benefit, is it not my duty to show my joy? Is the being admitted to your favour so slight an obligation? Is the happiness of marrying my Olivia so small a blessing?

Croaker. Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia! marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of his senses. His 450 own sister!

Leontine. My sister!

Olivia. Sister! how have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*

Leontine. Some curs'd mistake in all this, I find.

[*Aside.*

Croaker. What does the booby mean? or has he any meaning? Eh, what do you mean, you blockhead, you?

Leontine. Mean, sir?—why, sir—only when my sister is to be married, that I have the pleasure of marrying her, sir,—that is, of giving her away, sir—I have made a point of it.

460

Croaker. Oh, is that all? Give her away. You have made a point of it? Then you had as good make a point of first giving away yourself, as I'm going to prepare the writings between you and Miss Richland this very minute. What a fuss is here about nothing! Why, what's the matter now? I thought I had made you at least as happy as you could wish.

Olivia. Oh yes, sir; very happy.

Croaker. Do you foresee anything, child? You look as if you did. I think if anything was to be foreseen, I have 470 as sharp a look-out as another; and yet I foresee nothing.

[*Exit.*]

LEONTINE and OLIVIA.

Olivia. What can it mean?

Leontine. He knows something, and yet, for my life, I can't tell what.

Olivia. It can't be the connection between us, I'm pretty certain.

Leontine. Whatever it be, my dearest, I'm resolved to put it out of fortune's power to repeat our mortification. I'll haste and prepare for our journey to Scotland this very evening. My friend Honeywood has promised me his 480 advice and assistance. I'll go to him and repose our distresses on his friendly bosom; and I know so much of his honest heart, that if he can't relieve our uneasinesses, he will at least share them.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE.—Young HONEYWOOD'S *House*.

Bailiff, HONEYWOOD, Follower.

Bailiff. Looky, sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time—no disparagement of you neither—men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to show a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

Honeywood. Without all question, Mr.——I forget your name, sir.

Bailiff. How can you forget what you never knew? He! he! he!

Honeywood. May I beg leave to ask your name? 10

Bailiff. Yes, you may.

Honeywood. Then pray, sir, what is your name?

Bailiff. That I didn't promise to tell you.—He! he! he!—A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

Honeywood. You may have reason for keeping it a secret, perhaps?

Bailiff. The law does nothing without reason. I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, sir. If you can show cause, as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—but, come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

Honeywood. Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

Bailiff. Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

Honeywood. But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe, you'll have no scruple. 30
[*Pulling out his purse.*] The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; but, as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thoughts of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me, till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

Bailiff. Oh! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get anything by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility. 40

Honeywood. Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch; and yours is a necessary one. [*Gives him money.*]

Bailiff. Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

Honeywood. Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

Bailiff. Ay, sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a 50 gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

Honeywood. Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

Bailiff. Humanity, sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say that we in our way 60 have no humanity; but I'll show you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children—a guinea or two would be more to him than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't show him any humanity myself, I must beg leave you'll do it for me,

Honeywood. I assure you, Mr. Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation. [*Giving money to the Follower.*

Bailiff. Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But, to business: we are to be 70 with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes. Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face—a very good face; but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law,—not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

Honeywood. Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, Miss Richland is below.

Honeywood. How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve, my good friend, little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes 80—quick—the brown and silver—do you hear?

Servant. That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

Honeywood. The white and gold then.

Servant. That, your honour, I made bold to sell, because it was good for nothing.

Honeywood. Well, the first that comes to hand then—the blue and gold. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue. [*Exit FLANIGAN.* 90

Bailiff. Rabbit me! but little Flanigan will look well in anything. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he: scents like a hound—sticks like a weasel. He was master of the ceremonies to the black Queen of Morocco, when I took him to follow me. [*Re-enter FLANIGAN.* Heh! ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

Honeywood. Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear 100 Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to

speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

Bailiff. Never you fear me; I'll show the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another, that's all the difference between them.

Enter Miss RICHLAND and her Maid.

Miss Richland. You'll be surprised, sir, with this visit. But, you know, I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

110

Honeywood. Thanks, madam, are unnecessary; as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

Miss Richland. Who can these odd-looking men be! I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. [*Aside.*

Bailiff. [*After a pause.*] Pretty weather; very pretty weather for the time of the year, madam.

Follower. Very good circuit weather in the country.

Honeywood. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave.

Miss Richland. Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, sir?

Honeywood. Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam: a dangerous service!

Miss Richland. I'm told so. And I own it has often surprised me, that while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

Honeywood. I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our sailors have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more.

Miss Richland. I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

Honeywood. We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to 140 despise him.

Follower. Damn the French, the *parle vous*, and all that belongs to them!

Miss Richland. Sir!

Honeywood. Ha, ha, ha! honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, madam; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

Miss Richland. Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste, that has 150 brought them in turn to taste us.

Bailiff. Taste us! by the Lord, madam, they devour us. Give Mounseers but a taste, and I'll be damn'd but they come in for a bellyful.

Miss Richland. Very extraordinary, this!

Follower. But very true. What makes the bread rising? the *parle vous* that devour us. What makes the mutton fivepence a pound? the *parle vous* that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence-halfpenny a pot?—

Honeywood. Ah! the vulgar rogues; all will be out. 160
[*Aside.*] Right, gentlemen, very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

Miss Richland. Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet I'll own that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

Bailiff. That's all my eye. The King only can pardon, 170 as the law says: for, set in case—

Honeywood. I'm quite of your opinion, sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly, our presum-

ing to pardon any work, is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

Bailiff. By his habus corpus. His habus corpus can set him free at any time: for, set in case——

Honeywood. I'm obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If, madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

Follower. Ay, but if so be a man's nabb'd, you know——

Honeywood. Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

Bailiff. As for the matter of that, mayhap——

Honeywood. Nay, sir, give me leave, in this instance, to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves? What is it, but aiming our unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Bailiff. Justice! Oh, by the elevens! if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there: for, in a course of law——

Honeywood. My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at perfectly; and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of his course of law?

Miss Richland. I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bailiff. Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity, and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now, to explain the thing——

Honeywood. Oh! curse your explanations! [Aside.]

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr Leontine, sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

Honeywood. That's lucky. [*Aside.*] Dear madam, you'll 210 excuse me and my good friends here, for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must. But I know your natural politeness.

Bailiff. Before and behind, you know.

Follower. Ay, ay, before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt HONEYWOOD, BAILIFF, and Follower.*]

Miss Richland. What can all this mean, Garnet?

Garnet. Mean, madam! why, what should it mean, but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see? These people he 220 calls officers, are officers sure enough: sheriff's officers—bailiffs, madam.

Miss Richland. Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure, yet I own there's something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

Garnet. And so they are: but I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts, and set him free, has not done it by this time. He ought at least to have been here before now. But lawyers are always more 230 ready to get a man into troubles than out of them.

Enter Sir WILLIAM HONEYWOOD.

Sir William. For Miss Richland to undertake setting him free, I own, was quite unexpected. It has totally unhinged my schemes to reclaim him. Yet it gives me pleasure to find that, among a number of worthless friendships, he has made one acquisition of real value; for there must be some softer passion on her side that prompts this generosity. Ha! here before me: I'll endeavour to sound her affections.—Madam, as I am the person that have had some demands upon the gentleman of this house, I hope 240 you'll excuse me if, before I enlarged him, I wanted to see yourself.

Miss Richland. The precaution was very unnecessary,

sir. I suppose your wants were only such as my agent had power to satisfy.

Sir William. Partly, madam. But I was also willing you should be fully apprised of the character of the gentleman you intended to serve.

Miss Richland. It must come, sir, with a very ill grace from you. To censure it, after what you have done, would 250 look like malice; and to speak favourably of a character you have oppressed, would be impeaching your own. And sure, his tenderness, his humanity, his universal friendship, may atone for many faults.

Sir William. That friendship, madam, which is exerted in too wide a sphere, becomes totally useless. Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears when diffused too widely. They who pretend most to this universal benevolence, are either deceivers or dupes,—men who desire to cover their private ill-nature by a pretended regard for all, or men 260 who, reasoning themselves into false feelings, are more earnest in pursuit of splendid, than of useful virtues.

Miss Richland. I am surprised, sir, to hear one who has probably been a gainer by the folly of others, so severe in his censure of it.

Sir William. Whatever I may have gained by folly, madam, you see I am willing to prevent your losing by it.

Miss Richland. Your cares for me, sir, are unnecessary. I always suspect those services which are denied where they 270 are wanted, and offered, perhaps, in hopes of a refusal. No, sir, my directions have been given, and I insist upon their being complied with.

Sir William. Thou amiable woman! I can no longer contain the expressions of my gratitude—my pleasure. You see before you one who has been equally careful of his interest; one who has for some time been a concealed spectator of his follies, and only punished in hopes to reclaim them,—his uncle!

Miss Richland. Sir William Honeywood! You amaze 280 me. How shall I conceal my confusion? I fear, sir,

you'll think I have been too forward in my services. I confess I——

Sir William. Don't make any apologies, madam. I only find myself unable to repay the obligation. And yet I have been trying my interest, of late, to serve you. Having learnt, madam, that you had some demands upon Government, I have, though unasked, been your solicitor there.

Miss Richland. Sir, I'm infinitely obliged to your intentions. But my guardian has employed another gentleman, 290 who assures him of success.

Sir William. Who, the important little man that visits here? Trust me, madam, he's quite contemptible among men in power, and utterly unable to serve you. Mr. Lofty's promises are much better known to people of fashion than his person, I assure you.

Miss Richland. How have we been deceived? As sure as can be, here he comes.

Sir William. Does he? Remember I'm to continue unknown. My return to England has not as yet been 300 made public. With what impudence he enters!

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Let the chariot—let my chariot drive off: I'll visit to his Grace's in a chair. Miss Richland here before me! Punctual, as usual, to the calls of humanity. I'm very sorry, madam, things of this kind should happen, especially to a man I have shown everywhere, and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

Miss Richland. I find, sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

Lofty. My dear madam, what can a private man like me 310 do? One man can't do everything; and then, I do so much in this way every day. Let me see—something considerable might be done for him by subscription; it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace of dukes, two dozen lords, and half the lower House, at my own peril.

Sir William. And, after all, it's more than probable, sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage.

Lofty. Then, madam, what can we do? You know I never make promises. In truth, I once or twice tried to do something with him in the way of business; but, as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly impracticable.

Sir William. His uncle! then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of yours?

Lofty. Meaning me, sir?—Yes, madam, as I often said, “My dear Sir William, you are sensible I would do anything, as far as my poor interest goes, to serve your family: but what can be done? there's no procuring first-rate places for ninth-rate abilities.”

330

Miss Richland. I have heard of Sir William Honeywood; he's abroad in employment: he confided in your judgment, I suppose?

Lofty. Why, yes, madam, I believe Sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment—one little reason, perhaps.

Miss Richland. Pray, sir, what was it?

Lofty. Why, madam—but let it go no farther,—it was I procured him his place.

Sir William. Did you, sir?

Lofty. Either you or I, sir.

340

Miss Richland. This, Mr. Lofty, was very kind indeed.

Lofty. I did love him, to be sure; he had some amusing qualities; no man was fitter to be a toast-master to a club, or had a better head.

Miss Richland. A better head?

Lofty. Ay, at a bottle. To be sure he was as dull as a choice spirit; but hang it, he was grateful, very grateful; and gratitude hides a multitude of faults.

Sir William. He might have reason, perhaps. His place is pretty considerable, I'm told.

350

Lofty. A trifle, a mere trifle among us men of business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill up a greater.

Sir William. Dignity of person do you mean, sir? I'm told he's much about my size and figure, sir.

Lofty. Ay, tall enough for a marching regiment ; but then he wanted a something—a consequence of form—a kind of a—I believe the lady perceives my meaning.

Miss Richland. Oh, perfectly ! you courtiers can do anything, I see.

Lofty. My dear madam, all this is but a mere exchange ; 360 we do greater things for one another every day. Why, as thus, now : Let me suppose you the first lord of the Treasury ; you have an employment in you that I want—I have a place in me that you want ; do me here, do you there : interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and done, and it's over.

Sir William. A thought strikes me. [*Aside.*] Now you mention Sir William Honeywood, madam ; and as he seems, sir, an acquaintance of yours, you'll be glad to hear he is arrived from Italy : I had it from a friend who knows him 370 as well as he does me, and you may depend on my information.

Lofty. [*Aside.*] The devil he is ! If I had known that, we should not have been quite so well acquainted.

Sir William. He is certainly returned ; and as this gentleman is a friend of yours, he can be of signal service to us by introducing me to him : there are some papers relative to your affairs that require despatch, and his inspection.

Miss Richland. This gentleman, Mr. Lofty, is a person employed in my affairs : I know you'll serve us ? 380

Lofty. My dear madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon him, if you think proper to command it.

Sir William. That would be quite unnecessary.

Lofty. Well, we must introduce you then. Call upon me—let me see—ay, in two days.

Sir William. Now, or the opportunity will be lost for ever.

Lofty. Well, if it must be now, now let it be ; but, damn it, that's unfortunate. My Lord Grig's curs'd Pensacola business comes on this very hour, and I'm engaged to attend 390—another time——

Sir William. A short letter to Sir William will do.

Lofty. You shall have it ; yet, in my opinion, a letter is a very bad way of going to work ; face to face, that's my way.

Sir William. The letter, sir, will do quite as well.

Lofty. Zounds ! Sir, do you pretend to direct me ? direct me in the business of office ? Do you know me, sir ? Who am I ?

Miss Richland. Dear Mr. Lofty, this request is not so much his as mine ; if my commands—but you despise my power.

Lofty. Delicate creature ! your commands could even control a debate at midnight : to a power so constitutional, I am all obedience and tranquillity. He shall have a letter : where is my secretary ? Dubardieu ! And yet, I protest, I don't like this way of doing business. I think if I spoke first to Sir William—but you will have it so.

[Exit with Miss RICHLAND.]

Sir William. [Alone.] Ha ! ha ! ha ! This, too, is one of my nephew's hopeful associates. O vanity ! thou constant 410 deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt serve but to sink us ! Thy false colourings, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy. I'm not displeased at this interview : exposing this fellow's impudence to the contempt it deserves may be of use to my design ; at least, if he can reflect, it will be of use to himself.

Enter JARVIS.

How now, Jarvis, where's your master, my nephew ?

Jarvis. At his wits' end, I believe : he's scarce gotten out of one scrape, but he's running his head into another. 420

Sir William. How so ?

Jarvis. The house has but just been cleared of the bailiffs, and now he's again engaging, tooth and nail, in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

Sir William. Ever busy to serve others.

Jarvis. Ay, anybody but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland ; and he supplies them with money for the journey.

Sir William. Money ! how is he able to supply others, 430 who has scarce any for himself ?

Jarvis. Why, there it is : he has no money, that's true ; but then, as he never said *No* to any request in his life, he has given them a bill, drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city, which I am to get changed ; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

Sir William. How !

Jarvis. It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare 440 a place for their reception when they return ; so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

Sir William. To the land of matrimony ! A pleasant journey, *Jarvis*.

Jarvis. Ay, but I'm only to have all the fatigues on't.

Sir William. Well, it may be shorter, and less fatiguing, than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady's family and connections, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that Miss Richland is not indifferent 450 to my thoughtless nephew ; and will endeavour, though I fear in vain, to establish that connection. But come, the letter I wait for must be almost finished ; I'll let you farther into my intentions in the next room. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—CROAKER'S House.

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Well, sure the devil's in me of late, for running my head into such defiles, as nothing but a genius like my own could draw me from. I was formerly contented to husband out my places and pensions with some degree of frugality ; but, curse it, of late I have given away the whole Court Register in less time than they could print the title page ; yet, hang it, why scruple a lie or two to come at a fine girl, when I every day tell a thousand for nothing. Ha ! Honeywood here before me. Could Miss Richland have set him at liberty ?

10

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Mr. Honeywood, I'm glad to see you abroad again. I find my concurrence was not necessary in your unfortunate affairs. I had put things in a train to do your business ; but it is not for me to say what I intended doing.

Honeywood. It was unfortunate, indeed, sir. But what adds to my uneasiness is, that while you seem to be acquainted with my misfortune, I myself continue still a stranger to my benefactor.

Lofty. How ! not know the friend that served you ?

Honeywood. Can't guess at the person.

20

Lofty. Inquire.

Honeywood. I have ; but all I can learn is, that he

chooses to remain concealed, and that all inquiry must be fruitless?

Lofty. Must be fruitless?

Honeywood. Absolutely fruitless.

Lofty. Sure of that?

Honeywood. Very sure.

Lofty. Then I'll be damn'd if you shall ever know it from me.

30

Honeywood. How, sir!

Lofty. I suppose now, Mr. Honeywood, you think my rent-roll very considerable, and that I have vast sums of money to throw away? I know you do. The world, to be sure, says such things of me.

Honeywood. The world, by what I learn, is no stranger to your generosity. But where does this tend?

Lofty. To nothing—nothing in the world. The town, to be sure, when it makes such a thing as me the subject of conversation, has asserted that I never yet patronized a 40 man of merit.

Honeywood. I have heard instances to the contrary, even from yourself.

Lofty. Yes, Honeywood; and there are instances to the contrary that you shall never hear from myself.

Honeywood. Ha! dear sir, permit me to ask you but one question.

Lofty. Sir, ask me no questions; I say, sir, ask me no questions; I'll be damn'd if I answer them.

Honeywood. I will ask no farther. My friend! my 50 benefactor! it is, it must be here, that I am indebted for freedom—for honour. Yes, thou worthiest of men, from the beginning I suspected it, but was afraid to return thanks; which, if undeserved, might seem reproaches.

Lofty. I protest I do not understand all this, Mr. Honeywood: you treat me very cavalierly. I do assure you, sir—Blood! sir, can't a man be permitted to enjoy the luxury of his own feelings without all this parade?

Honeywood. Nay, do not attempt to conceal an action 60

that adds to your honour. Your looks, your air, your manner, all confess it.

Lofty. Confess it, sir! torture itself, sir, shall never bring me to confess it. Mr. Honeywood, I have admitted you upon terms of friendship. Don't let us fall out; make me happy, and let this be buried in oblivion. You know I hate ostentation; you know I do. Come, come, Honeywood, you know I always loved to be a friend, and not a patron. I beg this may make no kind of distance between us. Come, come, you and I must be more familiar—indeed we must. 70

Honeywood. Heavens! Can I ever repay such friendship? Is there any way? Thou best of men, can I ever return the obligation?

Lofty. A bagatelle, a mere bagatelle! But I see your heart is labouring to be grateful. You shall be grateful. It would be cruel to disappoint you.

Honeywood. How? teach me the manner. Is there any way?

Lofty. From this moment you're mine. Yes, my friend, you shall know it—I'm in love. 80

Honeywood. And can I assist you?

Lofty. Nobody so well.

Honeywood. In what manner? I'm all impatience.

Lofty. You shall make love for me.

Honeywood. And to whom shall I speak in your favour?

Lofty. To a lady with whom you have great interest, I assure you: Miss Richland.

Honeywood. Miss Richland!

Lofty. Yes, Miss Richland. She has struck the blow, up to the hilt in my bosom, by Jupiter! 90

Honeywood. Heavens! was ever anything more unfortunate? It is too much to be endured.

Lofty. Unfortunate, indeed! And yet I can endure it, till you have opened the affair to her for me. Between ourselves, I think she likes me. I'm not apt to boast, but I think she does.

Honeywood. Indeed! But, do you know the person you apply to?

Lofty. Yes, I know you are her friend and mine : that's enough. To you, therefore, I commit the success of my 100 passion. I'll say no more, let friendship do the rest. I have only to add, that if at any time my little interest can be of service—but, hang it, I'll make no promises : you know my interest is yours at any time. No apologies, my friend, I'll not be answered ; it shall be so. [*Exit.*]

Honeywood. Open, generous, unsuspecting man ! He little thinks that I love her too ; and with such an ardent passion ! But then it was ever but a vain and hopeless one ; my torment, my persecution ! What shall I do ? Love, friendship ; a hopeless passion, a deserving friend ! 110 Love that has been my tormentor ; a friend, that has perhaps distressed himself to serve me. It shall be so. Yes, I will discard the fondling hope from my bosom, and exert all my influence in his favour. And yet to see her in the possession of another !—Insupportable ! But then to betray a generous, trusting friend !—Worse, worse ! Yes, I'm resolved. Let me but be the instrument of their happiness, and then quit a country where I must for ever despair of finding my own. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA, and GARNET, who carries a milliner's box.

Olivia. Dear me, I wish this journey were over. No 120 news of Jarvis yet ? I believe the old peevish creature delays purely to vex me.

Garnet. Why, to be sure, madam, I did hear him say, a little snubbing before marriage would teach you to bear it the better afterwards.

Olivia. To be gone a full hour, though he had only to get a bill changed in the city ! How provoking !

Garnet. I'll lay my life, Mr. Leontine, that had twice as much to do, is setting off by this time from his inn ; and here you are left behind. 130

Olivia. Well, let us be prepared for his coming, however. Are you sure you have omitted nothing, Garnet ?

Garnet. Not a stick, madam ; all's here. Yet I wish

you could take the white and silver to be married in. It's the worst luck in the world in anything but white. I knew one Bett Stubbs, of our town, that was married in red; and, as sure as eggs is eggs, the bridegroom and she had a miff before morning.

Olivia. No matter; I'm all impatience till we are out of the house. 140

Garnet. Bless me, madam, I had almost forgot the wedding ring! The sweet little thing. I don't think it would go on my little finger. And what if I put in a gentleman's nightcap, in case of necessity, madam?—But here's Jarvis.

Enter JARVIS.

Olivia. O Jarvis, are you come at last! We have been ready this half-hour. Now let's be going. Let us fly!

Jarvis. Ay, to Jericho; for we shall have no going to Scotland this bout, I fancy.

Olivia. How! what's the matter? 150

Jarvis. Money, money is the matter, madam. We have got no money. What the plague do you send me of your fool's errand for? My master's bill upon the city is not worth a rush. Here it is; Mrs. Garnet may pin up her hair with it.

Olivia. Undone! How could Honeywood serve us so! What shall we do? Can't we go without it?

Jarvis. Go to Scotland without money! To Scotland without money! Lord, how some people understand geography! We might as well set sail for Patagonia upon 160 a cork-jacket.

Olivia. Such a disappointment! What a base, insincere man was your master, to serve us in this manner! Is this his good-nature?

Jarvis. Nay, don't talk ill of my master, madam. I won't bear to hear anybody talk ill of him but myself.

Garnet. Bless us! now I think on't, madam, you need not be under any uneasiness: I saw Mr. Leontine receive

forty guineas from his father just before he set out, and he can't yet have left the inn. A short letter will reach him 170 there.

Olivia. Well remembered, Garnet; I'll write immediately. How's this! Bless me, my hand trembles so, I can't write a word. Do you write, Garnet; and, upon second thought, it will be better from you.

Garnet. Truly, madam, I write and indite but poorly. I never was 'cute at my learning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose?

Olivia. Whatever you please.

180

Garnet. [*Writing.*] "Muster Croaker"—Twenty guineas, madam?

Olivia. Ay, twenty will do.

Garnet. "At the bar of the Talbot till called for.—Expedition—Will be blown up—All of a flame—Quick, dispatch—Cupid, the little god of love."—I conclude it, madam, with Cupid: I love to see a love-letter end like poetry.

Olivia. Well, well, what you please, anything. But how shall we send it? I can trust none of the servants of 190 this family.

Garnet. Odso, madam, Mr. Honeywood's butler is in the next room: he's a dear, sweet man; he'll do anything for me.

Jarvis. He! the dog, he'll certainly commit some blunder. He's drunk and sober ten times a-day.

Olivia. No matter. Fly, Garnet: anybody we can trust will do. [*Exit GARNET.*] Well, Jarvis, now we can have nothing more to interrupt us. You may take up the things, and carry them on to the inn. Have you no hands, Jarvis? 200

Jarvis. Soft and fair, young lady. You that are going to be married think things can never be done too fast; but we, that are old, and know what we are about, must elope methodically, madam.

Olivia. Well, sure, if my indiscretions were to be done over again——

Jarvis. My life for it, you would do them ten times over.

Olivia. Why will you talk so? If you knew how unhappy they make me—— 210

Jarvis. Very unhappy, no doubt: I was once just as unhappy when I was going to be married myself. I'll tell you a story about that——

Olivia. A story! when I am all impatience to be away. Was there ever such a dilatory creature!——

Jarvis. Well, madam, if we must march, why we will march; that's all. Though, odds-bobs, we have still forgot one thing we should never travel without,—a case of good razors, and a box of shaving-powder. But no matter, I believe we shall be pretty well shaved by the way. [*Going.*] 220

Enter GARNET.

Garnet. Undone, undone, madam! Ah, Mr. Jarvis, you said right enough. As sure as death, Mr. Honeywood's rogue of a drunken butler dropped the letter before he went ten yards from the door. There's old Croaker has just picked it up, and is this moment reading it to himself in the hall.

Olivia. Unfortunate! we shall be discovered.

Garnet. No, madam; don't be uneasy: he can make neither head nor tail of it. To be sure he looks as if he was broke loose from Bedlam about it, but he can't find 230 what it means for all that. O lud, he is coming this way all in the horrors!

Olivia. Then let us leave the house this instant, for fear he should ask farther questions. In the meantime, Garnet, do you write and send off just such another. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Death and destruction! Are all the horrors of air, fire, and water to be levelled only at me? Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles, and

conflagration? Here it is—an incendiary letter dropped at my door. “To Muster Croaker, these with speed.” Ay, 240 ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil. “With speed.” Oh, confound your speed! But let me read it once more. [Reads.] “Muster Croaker, as sone as yoew see this, leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talboot tell caled for, or yoew and yower experation will be all blown up.” Ah, but too plain! Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dog! All blown up! Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up? [Reads.] “Our pockets are low, and money we must have.” 250 Ay, there’s the reason; they’ll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. [Reads.] “It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame.” Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and then burn us! The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. [Reads.] “Make quick dispatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little god of Love, go with you wherever you go.” The little god of love! Cupid, the little god of love, go with me!—Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together. I’m so frightened, 260 I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I’m treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! We shall be all burnt in our beds; we shall be all burnt in our beds!

Enter Miss RICHLAND.

Miss Richland. Lord, sir, what’s the matter?

Croaker. Murder’s the matter. We shall be all blown up in our beds before morning.

Miss Richland. I hope not, sir.

Croaker. What signifies what you hope, madam, when I 270 have a certificate of it here in my hand? Will nothing alarm my family? Sleeping and eating—sleeping and eating is the only work from morning till night in my

house. My insensible crew could sleep though rocked by an earthquake, and fry beef-steaks at a volcano.

Miss Richland. But, sir, you have alarmed them so often already; we have nothing but earthquakes, famines, plagues, and mad dogs, from year's end to year's end. You remember, sir, it is not above a month ago, you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers to poison us in our bread; 280 and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

Croaker. And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without? Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity. *[Exit.*

Miss Richland. *[Alone.]* What can he mean by all this? 290 Yet why should I enquire, when he alarms us in this manner almost every day. But Honeywood has desired an interview with me in private. What can he mean? or rather, what means this palpitation at his approach? It is the first time he ever showed anything in his conduct that seemed particular. Sure he cannot mean to—but he's here.

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeywood. I presumed to solicit this interview, madam, before I left town, to be permitted——

Miss Richland. Indeed!—leaving town, sir?

300

Honeywood. Yes, madam; perhaps the kingdom. I have presumed, I say, to desire the favour of this interview, in order to disclose something which our long friendship prompts. And yet my fears——

Miss Richland. His fears! what are his fears to mine! *[Aside.]* We have, indeed, been long acquainted, sir; vrry long. If I remember, our first meeting was at the French ambassador's. Do you recollect how you were pleased to rally me upon my complexion there?

Honeywood. Perfectly, madam : I presumed to reprove 310
you for painting ; but your warmer blushes soon convinced
the company that the colouring was all from nature.

Miss Richland. And yet you only meant it, in your good-
natured way, to make me pay a compliment to myself. In
the same manner, you danced that night with the most
awkward woman in company, because you saw nobody else
would take her out.

Honeywood. Yes ; and was rewarded the next night by
dancing with the finest woman in company, whom every-
body wished to take out. 320

Miss Richland. Well, sir, if you thought so then, I fear
your judgment has since corrected the errors of a first
impression. We generally show to most advantage at first.
Our sex are like poor tradesmen, that put all their best
goods to be seen at the windows.

Honeywood. The first impression, madam, did indeed
deceive me. I expected to find a woman with all the
faults of conscious flattered beauty : I expected to find her
vain and insolent. But every day has since taught me
that it is possible to possess sense without pride, and beauty 330
without affectation.

Miss Richland. This, sir, is a style very unusual with
Mr. Honeywood ; and I should be glad to know why he
thus attempts to increase that vanity which his own lessons
have taught me to despise.

Honeywood. I ask pardon, madam. Yet, from our long
friendship, I presumed I might have some right to offer,
without offence, what you may refuse without offending.

Miss Richland. Sir ! I beg you'd reflect : though I fear
I shall scarce have any power to refuse a request of yours, 340
yet you may be precipitate : consider, sir.

Honeywood. I own my rashness ; but as I plead the
cause of friendship, of one who loves—don't be alarmed,
madam—who loves you with the most ardent passion,
whose whole happiness is placed in you——

Miss Richland. I fear, sir, I shall never find whom you
mean by this description of him.

Honeywood. Ah, madam, it but too plainly points him out ; though he should be too humble himself to urge his pretensions, or you too modest to understand them. 350

Miss Richland. Well, it would be affectation any longer to pretend ignorance ; and I will own, sir, I have long been prejudiced in his favour. It was but natural to wish to make his heart mine, as he seemed himself ignorant of its value.

Honeywood. I see she always loved him. [*Aside.*] I find, madam, you're already sensible of his worth, his passion. How happy is my friend to be the favourite of one with such sense to distinguish merit, and such beauty to reward it ! 360

Miss Richland. Your friend, sir ! What friend ?

Honeywood. My best friend—my friend Mr. Lofty, madam.

Miss Richland. He, sir !

Honeywood. Yes, he, madam. He is, indeed, what your warmest wishes might have formed him ; and to his other qualities he adds that of the most passionate regard for you.

Miss Richland. Amazement !—No more of this, I beg you, sir.

Honeywood. I see your confusion, madam, and know 370 how to interpret it. And, since I so plainly read the language of your heart, shall I make my friend happy by communicating your sentiments ?

Miss Richland. By no means.

Honeywood. Excuse me, I must ; I know you desire it.

Miss Richland. Mr. Honeywood, let me tell you that you wrong my sentiments and yourself. When I first applied to your friendship, I expected advice and assistance ; but now, sir, I see that it is in vain to expect happiness from him who has been so bad an economist of his own ; 380 and that I must disclaim his friendship who ceases to be a friend to himself. [*Exit.*]

Honeywood. How is this ! She has confessed she loved him, and yet she seemed to part in displeasure. Can I have done anything to reproach myself with ? No ; I

believe not : yet, after all, these things should not be done by a third person : I should have spared her confusion. My friendship carried me a little too far.

Enter CROAKER, with the letter in his hand, and Mrs. CROAKER.

Mrs. Croaker. Ha ! ha ! ha ! And so, my dear, it's your supreme wish that I should be quite wretched upon this 390 occasion ? Ha ! ha !

Croaker (mimicking). Ha ! ha ! ha ! And so, my dear, it's your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation ?

Mrs. Croaker. Positively, my dear : what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me ? Our house may travel through the air like the house of Loretto, for aught I care, if I am to be miserable in it.

Croaker. Would to Heaven it were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not everything to alarm us ? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy 400 is beginning !

Mrs. Croaker. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them.

Croaker. Give them my money !—And pray, what right have they to my money ?

Mrs. Croaker. And pray, what right, then, have you to my good-humour ?

Croaker. And so your good-humour advises me to part with my money ? Why, then, to tell your good-humour a 410 piece of my mind, I'd sooner part with my wife. Here's Mr. Honeywood, see what he'll say to it. My dear Honeywood, look at this incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze you with terror ; and yet lovey here can read it—can read it, and laugh.

Mrs. Croaker. Yes, and so will Mr. Honeywood.

Croaker. If he does, I'll suffer to be hanged the next minute in the rogue's place, that's all.

Mrs. Croaker. Speak, Mr. Honeywood; is there anything more foolish than my husband's fright upon this 420 occasion?

Honeywood. It would not become me to decide, madam; but, doubtless, the greatness of his terrors now will but invite them to renew their villainy another time.

Mrs. Croaker. I told you he'd be of my opinion.

Croaker. How, sir! Do you maintain that I should lie down under such an injury, and show, neither by my fears nor complaints, that I have something of the spirit of a man in me?

Honeywood. Pardon me, sir. You ought to make the 430 loudest complaints, if you desire redress. The surest way to have redress, is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

Croaker. Ay, whose opinion is he of now?

Mrs. Croaker. But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way?

Honeywood. What is the best, madam, few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

Croaker. But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber. 440

Honeywood. Why, sir, as to the best, that—that's a very wise way too.

Mrs. Croaker. But can anything be more absurd than to double our distresses by our apprehensions, and put it in the power of every low fellow that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling to torment us?

Honeywood. Without doubt, nothing more absurd.

Croaker. How! would it not be more absurd to despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake?

Honeywood. Without doubt, perfectly absurd. 450

Croaker. Then you are of my opinion?

Honeywood. Entirely.

Mrs. Croaker. And you reject mine?

Honeywood. Heavens forbid, madam! No: sure no reasoning can be more just than yours. We ought certainly to despise malice if we cannot oppose it, and not make the

incendiary's pen as fatal to our repose as the highwayman's pistol.

Mrs. Croaker. Oh, then you think I'm quite right?

Honeywood. Perfectly right.

460

Croaker. A plague of plagues, we can't be both right; I ought to be sorry, or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head, or my hat must be off.

Mrs. Croaker. Certainly, in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right.

Honeywood. And why may not both be right, madam? Mr. Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good-humour? Pray, let me see the letter again. I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot Inn. If it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, sir, go there; and when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him?

Croaker. My dear friend, it's the very thing—the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall plant yourself in ambush near the bar; burst out upon the miscreant like a masked battery; extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise.

Honeywood. Yes; but I would not choose to exercise too much severity. It is my maxim, sir, that crimes generally 480 punish themselves.

Croaker. Well, but we may upbraid him a little, I suppose? [*Ironically.*]

Honeywood. Ay, but not punish him too rigidly.

Croaker. Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

Honeywood. Well, I do; but remember that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

[*Exeunt HONEYWOOD and Mrs. CROAKER.*]

Croaker. Yes; and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra.

ACT V.

SCENE—AN INN.

Enter OLIVIA and JARVIS.

Olivia. Well, we have got safe to the inn, however. Now, if the post-chaise were ready——

Jarvis. The horses are just finishing their oats ; and, as they are not going to be married, they choose to take their own time.

Olivia. You are for ever giving wrong motives to my impatience.

Jarvis. Be as impatient as you will, the horses must take their own time ; besides, you don't consider we have got no answer from our fellow-traveller yet. If we hear nothing 10 from Mr. Leontine, we have only one way left us.

Olivia. What way ?

Jarvis. The way home again.

Olivia. Not so. I have made a resolution to go, and nothing shall induce me to break it.

Jarvis. Ay ; resolutions are well kept, when they jump with inclination. However, I'll go hasten things without. And I'll call, too, at the bar to see if anything should be left for us there. Don't be in such a plaguy hurry, madam, and we shall go the faster, I promise you. 20
[*Exit JARVIS.*]

Enter Landlady.

Landlady. What ! Solomon, why don't you move ? Pipes and tobacco for the Lamb there. Will nobody answer ? To the Dolphin ; quick. The Angel has been outrageous this half-hour. Did your ladyship call, madam ?

Olivia. No, madam.

Landlady. I find as you're for Scotland, madam—but that's no business of mine; married, or not married, I ask no questions. To be sure we had a sweet little couple set off from this two days ago for the same place. The gentleman, for a tailor, was, to be sure, as fine a spoken tailor as 30 ever blew froth from a full pot. And the young lady so bashful, it was near half an hour before we could get her to finish a pint of raspberry between us.

Olivia. But this gentleman and I are not going to be married, I assure you.

Landlady. May be not. That's no business of mine. For certain, Scotch marriages seldom turn out well. There was, of my own knowledge, Miss Macfag, that married her father's footman. Alack-a-day, she and her husband soon parted, and now keep separate cellars in Hedge Lane. 40

Olivia. [*Aside.*] A very pretty picture of what lies before me!

Enter LEONTINE.

Leontine. My dear Olivia, my anxiety, till you were out of danger, was too great to be resisted. I could not help coming to see you set out, though it exposes us to a discovery.

Olivia. May everything you do prove as fortunate. Indeed, Leontine, we have been most cruelly disappointed. Mr. Honeywood's bill upon the city has, it seems, been protested, and we have been utterly at a loss how to 50 proceed.

Leontine. How! an offer of his own too! Sure he could not mean to deceive us?

Olivia. Depend upon his sincerity; he only mistook the desire for the power of serving us. But let us think no more of it. I believe the post-chaise is ready by this.

Landlady. Not quite yet; and, begging your ladyship's pardon, I don't think your ladyship quite ready for the post-chaise. The north road is a cold place, madam. I have a drop in the house of as pretty raspberry as ever was 60

tipt over tongue. Just a thimble-full to keep the wind off your stomach. To be sure, the last couple we had here, they said it was a perfect nosegay. Ecod, I sent them both away as good-natured——Up went the blinds, round went the wheels, and “Drive away, post-boy!” was the word.

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Well, while my friend Honeywood is upon the post of danger at the bar, it must be my business to have an eye about me here. I think I know an incendiary's look; for wherever the devil makes a purchase, he never fails to set his mark. Ha! who have we here? My son 70 and daughter! What can they be doing here?

Landlady. I tell you, madam, it will do you good; I think I know by this time what's good for the north road. It's a raw night, madam.—Sir——

Leontine. Not a drop more, good madam. I should now take it as a greater favour if you hasten the horses, for I am afraid to be seen myself.

Landlady. That shall be done. Wha, Solomon! are you all dead there? Wha, Solomon, I say! [*Exit, bawling.*]

Olivia. Well, I dread lest an expedition begun in fear, 80 should end in repentance. Every moment we stay increases our danger, and adds to my apprehensions.

Leontine. There's no danger, trust me, my dear; there can be none. If Honeywood has acted with honour, and kept my father, as he promised, in employment till we are out of danger, nothing can interrupt our journey.

Olivia. I have no doubt of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity, and even his desires to serve us. My fears are from your father's suspicions. A mind so disposed to be alarmed without a cause, will be but too ready when there's a 90 reason.

Leontine. Why, let him, when we are out of his power. But believe me, Olivia, you have no great reason to dread his resentment. His repining temper, as it does no manner of injury to himself, so will it never do harm to others.

He only frets to keep himself employed, and scolds for his private amusement.

Olivia. I don't know that; but I'm sure, on some occasions, it makes him look most shockingly.

Croaker. [*Discovering himself.*] How does he look now? 100
—How does he look now?

Olivia. Ah!

Leontine. Undone!

Croaker. How do I look now? Sir, I am your very humble servant. Madam, I am yours! What! you are going off, are you? Then, first, if you please, take a word or two from me with you before you go. Tell me first where you are going; and when you have told me that, perhaps I shall know as little as I did before.

Leontine. If that be so, our answer might but increase 110
your displeasure, without adding to your information.

Croaker. I want no information from you, puppy: and you too, good madam, what answer have you got? Eh! [*A cry without, "Stop him."*] I think I heard a noise. My friend Honeywood, without—has he seized the incendiary? Ah, no, for now I hear no more on't.

Leontine. Honeywood without! Then, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood that directed you hither?

Croaker. No, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood conducted me hither.

120

Leontine. Is it possible?

Croaker. Possible! Why, he's in the house now, sir; more anxious about me than my own son, sir.

Leontine. Then, sir, he's a villain.

Croaker. How, sirrah! a villain, because he takes most care of your father? I'll not bear it. I tell you, I'll not bear it. Honeywood is a friend to the family, and I'll have him treated as such.

Leontine. I shall study to repay his friendship as it deserves.

130

Croaker. Ah, rogue, if you knew how earnestly he entered into my griefs, and pointed out the means to detect them, you would love him as I do. [*A cry without, "Stop him."*]

Fire and fury! they have seized the incendiary: they have the villain, the incendiary in view. Stop him! stop an incendiary! a murderer! stop him! [Exit.

Olivia. Oh, my terrors! What can this new tumult mean?

Leontine. Some new mark, I suppose, of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity. But we shall have satisfaction: he shall give me instant satisfaction.

Olivia. It must not be, my Leontine, if you value my esteem or my happiness. Whatever be our fate, let us not add guilt to our misfortunes: consider that our innocence will shortly be all that we have left us. You must forgive him.

Leontine. Forgive him! Has he not in every instance betrayed us? Forced me to borrow money from him, which appears a mere trick to delay us; promised to keep my father engaged till we were out of danger, and here brought him to the very scene of our escape!

Olivia. Don't be precipitate. We may yet be mistaken.

Enter Postboy, dragging in JARVIS: HONEYWOOD entering soon after.

Postboy. Ay, master, we have him fast enough. Here is the incendiary dog. I'm entitled to the reward; I'll take my oath I saw him ask for the money at the bar, and then run for it.

Honeywood. Come, bring him along. Let us see him. Let him learn to blush for his crimes. [Discovering his mistake.] Death! what's here? Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia! What can all this mean?

160

Jarvis. Why, I'll tell you what it means: that I was an old fool, and that you are my master—that's all.

Honeywood. Confusion!

Leontine. Yes, sir, I find you have kept your word with me. After such baseness, I wonder how you can venture to see the man you have injured.

Honeywood. My dear Leontine, by my life, my honour—

Leontine. Peace, peace, for shame ; and do not continue to aggravate baseness by hypocrisy. I know you, sir, I 170 know you.

Honeywood. Why won't you hear me ! By all that's just, I knew not—

Leontine. Hear you, sir ! to what purpose ? I now see through all your low arts ; your ever complying with every opinion ; your never refusing any request ; your friendship, as common as a prostitute's favours, and as fallacious ; all these, sir, have long been contemptible to the world, and are now perfectly so to me.

Honeywood. Ha ! contemptible to the world ! That reaches 180 me.

[*Aside.*

Leontine. All the seeming sincerity of your professions, I now find, were only allurements to betray ; and all your seeming regret for their consequences, only calculated to cover the cowardice of your heart. Draw, villain !

• *Enter CROAKER, out of breath.*

Croaker. Where is the villain ? Where is the incendiary ? [Seizing the Postboy.] Hold him fast, the dog ; he has the gallows in his face. Come, you dog, confess ; confess all, and hang yourself.

Postboy. Zounds ! master, what do you throttle me for ? 190

Croaker. [Beating him.] Dog, do you resist ? do you resist ?

Postboy. Zounds ! master, I'm not he ; there's the man that we thought was the rogue, and turns out to be one of the company.

Croaker. How !

Honeywood. Mr. Croaker, we have all been under a strange mistake here ; I find there is nobody guilty ; it was all an error—entirely an error of our own.

Croaker. And I say, sir, that you're in an error ; for 200

there's guilt and double guilt, a plot, a damned jesuitical, pestilential plot, and I must have proof of it.

Honeywood. Do but hear me.

Croaker. What! you intend to bring 'em off, I suppose! I'll hear nothing.

Honeywood. Madam, you seem at least calm enough to hear reason.

Olivia. Excuse me.

Honeywood. Good Jarvis, let me then explain it to you.

Jarvis. What signifies explanations when the thing is 210 done?

Honeywood. Will nobody hear me? Was there ever such a set, so blinded by passion and prejudice? [*To the Postboy.*] My good friend, I believe you'll be surprised when I assure you——

Postboy. Sure me nothing—I'm sure of nothing but a good beating.

Croaker. Come then, you, madam; if you ever hope for any favour or forgiveness, tell me sincerely all you know of this affair.

220

Olivia. Unhappily, sir, I'm but too much the cause of your suspicions: you see before you, sir, one that, with false pretences, has stept into your family to betray it; not your daughter——

Croaker. Not my daughter!

Olivia. Not your daughter—but a mean deceiver—who—support me, I cannot——

Honeywood. Help! she's going; give her air.

Croaker. Ay, ay, take the young woman to the air; I would not hurt a hair of her head, whossoever daughter 230 she may be—not so bad as that neither.

[*Exeunt all but CROAKER.*]

Yes, yes, all's out; I now see the whole affair. My son is either married, or going to be so, to this lady, whom he imposed upon me as his sister. Ay, certainly so; and yet I don't find it afflicts me so much as one might think. There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand,—we never feel them when they come.

Enter Miss RICHLAND and Sir WILLIAM.

Sir William. But how do you know, madam, that my nephew intends setting off from this place?

Miss Richland. My maid assured me he was come to this 240 inn, and my own knowledge of his intending to leave the kingdom suggested the rest. By what do I see? my guardian here before us! Who, my dear sir, could have expected meeting you here? To what accident do we owe this pleasure?

Croaker. To a fool, I believe.

Miss Richland. But to what purpose did you come?

Croaker. To play the fool.

Miss Richland. But with whom?

Croaker. With greater fools than myself.

250

Miss Richland. Explain.

Croaker. Why, Mr. Honeywood brought me here, to do nothing now I am here; and my son is going to be married, to I don't know who, that is here. So now you are as wise as I am.

Miss Richland. Married! to whom, sir?

Croaker. To Olivia, my daughter, as I took her to be; but who the devil she is, or whose daughter she is, I know no more than the man in the moon.

Sir William. Then, sir, I can inform you; and, though 260 a stranger, yet you shall find me a friend to your family. It will be enough, at present, to assure you that, both in point of birth and fortune, the young lady is at least your son's equal. Being left by her father, Sir James Woodville—

Croaker. Sir James Woodville! What, of the west?

Sir William. Being left by him, I say, to the care of a mercenary wretch, whose only aim was to secure her fortune to himself, she was sent to France, under pretence of education, and there every art was tried to fix her for 270 life in a convent, contrary to her inclinations. Of this I was informed upon my arrival at Paris; and, as I had been once her father's friend, I did all in my power to frustrate

her guardian's base intentions. I had even meditated to rescue her from his authority, when your son stepped in with more pleasing violence, gave her liberty, and you a daughter.

Croaker. But I intend to have a daughter of my own choosing, sir. A young lady, sir, whose fortune, by my interest with those that have interest, will be double what my son has a right to expect. Do you know Mr. Lofty, sir?

Sir William. Yes, sir; and know that you are deceived in him. But step this way, and I'll convince you.

[CROAKER and SIR WILLIAM seem to confer.]

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeywood. Obstinate man, still to persist in his outrage! Insulted by him, despised by all, I now begin to grow contemptible even to myself. How have I sunk, by too great an assiduity to please! How have I overtaxed all my abilities, lest the approbation of a single fool should escape me! But all is now over: I have survived my reputation, my fortune, my friendships, and nothing remains henceforward for me but solitude and repentance.

Miss Richland. Is it true, Mr. Honeywood, that you are setting off, without taking leave of your friends? The report is, that you are quitting England. Can it be?

Honeywood. Yes, madam; and though I am so unhappy as to have fallen under your displeasure, yet, thank Heaven! I leave you to happiness—to one who loves you, and deserves your love—to one who has power to procure you affluence, and generosity to improve your enjoyment of it.

Miss Richland. And are you sure, sir, that the gentleman you mean is what you describe him?

Honeywood. I have the best assurances of it,—his serving me. He does indeed deserve the highest happiness, and that is in your power to confer. As for me, weak and wavering as I have been, obliged by all and incapable of

serving any, what happiness can I find but in solitude? what hope, but in being forgotten?

Miss Richland. A thousand! to live among friends that esteem you, whose happiness it will be to be permitted to oblige you. 310

Honeywood. No, madam, my resolution is fixed. Inferiority among strangers is easy; but among those that once were equals, insupportable. Nay, to show you how far my resolution can go, I can now speak with calmness of my former follies, my vanity, my dissipation, my weakness. I will even confess that, among the number of my other presumptions, I had the insolence to think of loving you. Yes, madam, while I was pleading the passion of another, 320 my heart was tortured with its own. But it is over; it was unworthy our friendship, and let it be forgotten.

Miss Richland. You amaze me!

Honeywood. But you'll forgive it, I know you will; since the confession should not have come from me even now, but to convince you of the sincerity of my intention of—never mentioning it more. [Going.]

Miss Richland. Stay, sir, one moment—Ha! he here—

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Is the coast clear? None but friends? I have followed you here with a trifling piece of intelligence; but 330 it goes no farther; things are not yet ripe for a discovery. I have spirits working at a certain board; your affair at the Treasury will be done in less than—a thousand years. Mum!

Miss Richland. Sooner, sir, I should hope.

Lofty. Why, yes, I believe it may, if it falls into proper hands, that know where to push and where to parry; that know how the land lies—eh, Honeywood?

Miss Richland. It has fallen into yours.

Lofty. Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your 340 thing is done. It is done, I say—that's all. I have just had assurances from Lord Neverout, that the claim has

been examined, and found admissible. *Quietus* is the word, madam.

Honeywood. But how? his lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

Lofty. Indeed! Then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most damnably mistaken. I had it of him.

Miss Richland. He! why, Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month. 350

Lofty. This month! it must certainly be so—Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket, so that he must have met his lordship there; and so it came about. I have his letter about me; I'll read it to you. [*Taking out a large bundle.*] That's from Paoli, of Corsica, that from the Marquis of Squilachi.—Have you a mind to see a letter from Count Poniatowski, now King of Poland? Honest Pon!—[*Searching.*] O, sir, what, are you here too? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may 360 return it. The thing will do without him.

Sir William. Sir, I have delivered it; and must inform you it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

Croaker. Contempt! Mr. Lofty, what can that mean?

Lofty. Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something presently.

Sir William. Yes, sir; I believe you'll be amazed. After waiting some time in the antechamber—after being surveyed with insolent curiosity by the passing servants, I was at last assured that Sir William Honeywood knew no 370 such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

Lofty. Good! let me die! very good! Ha! ha! ha!

Croaker. Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

Lofty. You can't? Ha! ha!

Croaker. No, for the soul of me: I think it was as confounded a bad answer as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.

Lofty. And so you can't find out the force of the message? Why, I was in the house at that very time. 380

Ha! ha! It was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha! ha!

Croaker. Indeed! How? why?

Lofty. In one word, things between Sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with Lord Buzzard; I side with Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery.

Croaker. And so it does, indeed; and all my suspicions are over.

Lofty. Your suspicions! What, then, you have been ³⁹⁰ suspecting, you have been suspecting, have you? Mr. Croaker, you and I were friends—we are friends no longer. Never talk to me. It's over; I say, it's over.

Croaker. As I hope for your favour, I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed.

Lofty. Zounds! Sir, but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be treated thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the *Gazetteer*, and praised in the *St. James's*? have I been chaired at Wildman's, and a speaker ⁴⁰⁰ at Merchant-Tailors' Hall? have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops,—and talk to me of suspects?

Croaker. My dear sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon?

Lofty. Sir, I will not be pacified—suspects! Who am I? To be used thus! Have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends, the lords of the Treasury, Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects! Who am I, I say, who am I?

Sir William. Since, sir, you are so pressing for an ⁴¹⁰ answer, I'll tell you who you are:—A gentleman as well acquainted with politics as with men in power; as well acquainted with persons of fashion as with modesty; with lords of the Treasury as with truth; and, with all, as you are with Sir William Honeywood. I am Sir William Honeywood.

[*Discovering his ensigns of the Bath.*]

Croaker. Sir William Honeywood!

Honeywood. Astonishment! my uncle!

[*Aside.*]

Lofty. So, then, my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me 420 out of the window.

Croaker. What, Mr. Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You, who have been dreaded by the ins and outs; you, who have had your hand to addresses, and your head stuck up in print-shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in the pillory.

Lofty. Ay, stick it where you will; for, by the lord, it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

Sir William. Well, Mr. Croaker, I hope you now see 430 how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little Miss Richland has to expect from his influence.

Croaker. Ay, sir, too well I see it; and I can't but say I have had some boding of it these ten days. So I'm resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate fortune, to be satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr. Lofty in helping him to a better.

Sir William. I approve your resolution; and here they come, to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent. 440

Enter Mrs. CROAKER, JARVIS, LEONTINE, and OLIVIA.

Mrs. Croaker. Where's my husband? Come, come, lovey, you must forgive them. Jarvis here has been to tell me the whole affair; and I say, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

Croaker. I wish we could both say so. However, this gentleman, Sir William Honeywood, has been beforehand with you in obtaining their pardon. So, if the two poor fools have a mind to marry, I think we can tack them together without crossing the Tweed for it. 450

[Joining their hands.]

Leontine. How blest, and unexpected! What, what can we say to such goodness? But our future obedience shall

be the best reply. And as for this gentleman, to whom we owe——

Sir William. Excuse me, sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have here an interest that calls me. [*Turning to Honeywood.*] Yes, sir, you are surprised to see me; and I own that a desire of correcting your follies led me hither. I saw, with indignation, the errors of a mind that only sought applause from others; that easiness of disposition 460 which, though inclined to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw, with regret, those splendid errors, that still took name from some neighbouring duty; your charity, that was but injustice; your benevolence, that was but weakness; and your friendship, but credulity. I saw, with regret, great talents and extensive learning only employed to add sprightliness to error, and increase your perplexities. I saw your mind with a thousand natural charms; but the greatness of its beauty served only to heighten my pity for its prostitution. 470

Honeywood. Cease to upbraid me, sir: I have for some time but too strongly felt the justice of your reproaches. But there is one way still left me. Yes, sir, I have determined this very hour to quit for ever a place where I have made myself the voluntary slave of all, and to seek among strangers that fortitude which may give strength to the mind, and marshal all its dissipated virtues. Yet, ere I depart, permit me to solicit favour for this gentleman, who, notwithstanding what has happened, has laid me under the most signal obligations. Mr. Lofty—— 480

Lofty. Mr. Honeywood, I'm resolved upon a reformation as well as you. I now begin to find that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth, was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you that you owe your late enlargement to another; as, upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place: I'm determined to resign. [*Exit.*]

Honeywood. How have I been deceived!

Sir William. No, sir, you have been obliged to a kinder, fairer friend for that favour,—to Miss Richland. Would she complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her friendship happy in her love, I should then forget all, and be as blest as the welfare of my dearest kinsman can make me.

Miss Richland. After what is past, it would be but affectation to pretend to indifference. Yes, I will own an attachment, which I find was more than friendship. And if my entreaties cannot alter his resolution to quit the 500 country, I will even try—if my hand has not power to detain him. [Giving her hand.

Honeywood. Heavens! how can I have deserved all this? How express my happiness—my gratitude? A moment like this overpays an age of apprehension.

Croaker. Well, now I see content in every face; but Heaven send we be all better this day three months!

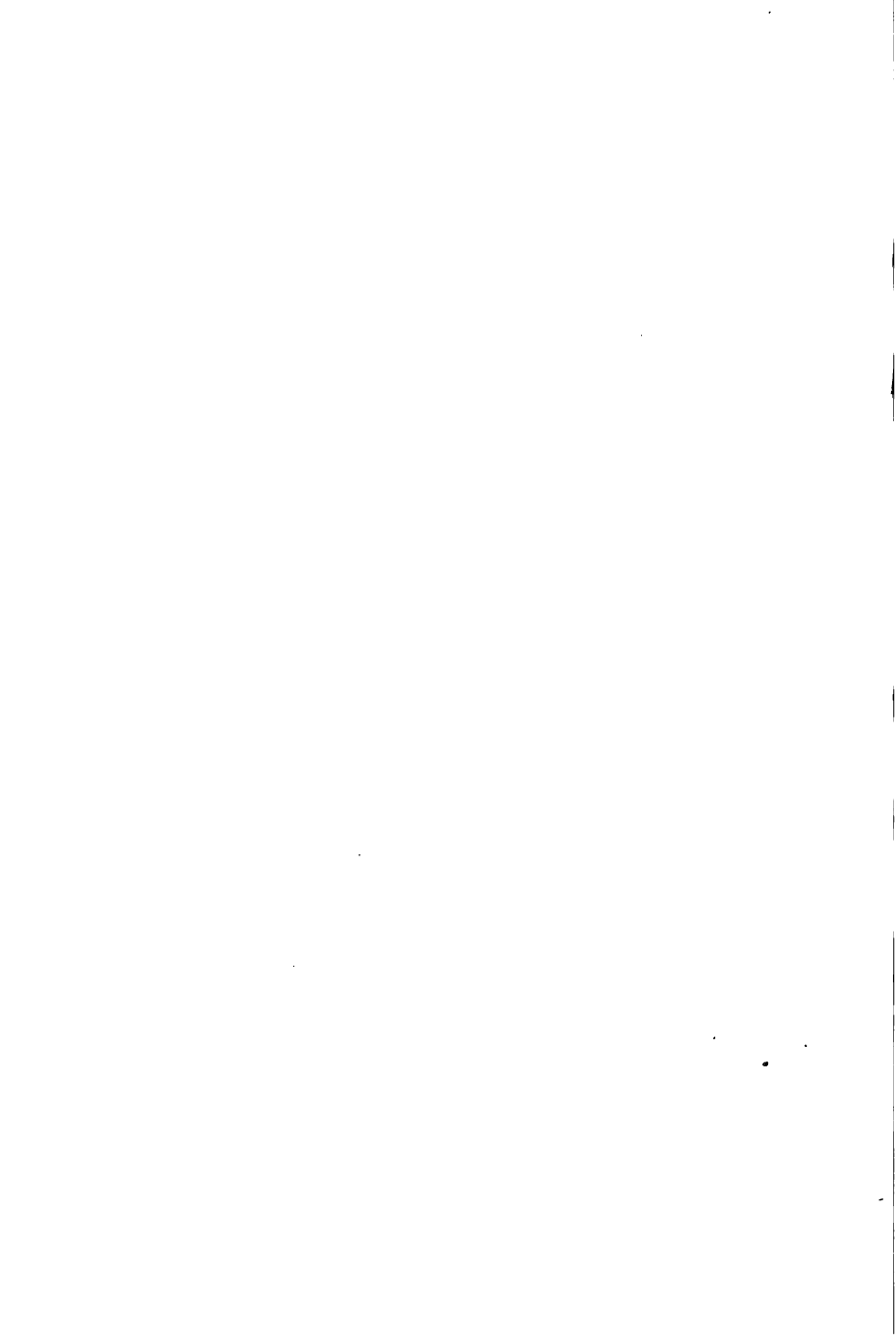
Sir William. Henceforth, nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping. 510

Honeywood. Yes, sir, I now too plainly perceive my errors: my vanity, in attempting to please all by fearing to offend any: my meanness, in approving folly; lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and my love for her who first taught me what it is to be happy. [Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure;
Thus, on the stage, our play-wrights still depend
For Epilogues and Prologues on some friend,
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
And makes full many a bitter pill go down.

Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
And teased each rhyming friend to help him out.
An Epilogue ! things can't go on without it !
It could not fail, would you but set about it. 10
"Young man," cries one (a bard laid up in clover),
"Alas ! young man, my writing days are over !
Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I ;
Your brother doctor, there, perhaps, may try."
"What, I, dear sir ?" the doctor interposes,
"What, plant my thistle, sir, among his roses !
No, no, I've other contests to maintain ;
To-night I head our troops at Warwick Lane.
Go ask your manager "—"Who, me ! Your pardon ;
Those things are not our forte at Covent Garden." 20
Our author's friends, thus placed at happy distance,
Give him good words indeed, but no assistance.
As some unhappy wight, at some new play,
At the pit door stands elbowing a way,
While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug ;
His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise :
He nods, they nod ; he cringes, they grimace ;
But not a soul will budge to give him place. 30
Since, then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform
"To 'bide the pelting of this pitt'less storm,"
Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the *Good-Natured Man*.



NOTES.

PROLOGUE.

2, **Surveys . . . kind**, *i.e.*, in order to see whether all men labour under a load as heavy as his own. "The first lines of this prologue," says Boswell, quoted by Croker, "are strongly characteristic of the dismal gloom of Johnson's mind; which, in his case, as in the case of all who are distressed with the same malady of imagination, transfers to others its own feelings. Who could suppose it was to introduce a comedy when Mr Bensley solemnly began—'Press'd by the load of life, the weary mind Surveys the general toil of human kind.' But this dark ground might make Goldsmith's humour shine the more."

3, **cool submission**: the sight of others toiling like himself causing him to submit to the common lot with a more contented mind.

4, **And social . . . pain**: the pangs of weariness and disappointment lose their keenness from being shared by others, from being seen to be not peculiar, but general.

5, **anxious**, *sc.* as to the fate of his comedy: **without complaint**, he having no right to complain if, venturing to write comedy, his efforts are unsuccessful.

6, **This bustling . . . care**: the anxiety which pervades all classes at this time of busy excitement.

7, **Like Cæsar's . . . fate**. When Cæsar's pilot in a storm was greatly frightened, Cæsar encouraged him by saying *Cæsarem portas, et fortunas ejus*; *i.e.* "You are carrying Cæsar and his fortunes," and you may be sure nothing evil will befall them.

9, **the wit**: the man of wit,—here, in the special sense of one who, like himself, engages in dramatic writing.

10, **When one . . . pit**: the statesman anxious to gain the votes of the electors in a borough, the dramatist to win the applause of the critics in the theatre. In Goldsmith's day the pit, the seats of which were immediately in front of the stage, was a more

important part of the theatre than at present, when it has been thrust further back to admit of more highly-priced "stalls," and was occupied by the most regular and most critical of the playgoers. If, then, the pit was favourable, the rest of the spectators as a rule accepted its verdict, and joined in the applause.

13, 4, *Disabled . . . reply.* The candidate at the hustings, from which he addresses the mass of the electors, and the author of the drama being played on the stage, are equally unable either to meet with their own weapons the crowds who vent their displeasure upon them, or to fly from the struggle in which they have engaged: in the case of the candidate, it would be physically impossible to reply to the shouts of the mob, and an act of cowardice to fly the scene; in the case of the dramatist, it would be equally impossible either to return the hisses of the audience, or to withdraw his play from the stage.

15, *loud rabbles:* in the one case the mob of excited and often ignorant voters, as well as those still more ignorant, who, without having votes, swell the crowd; in the other, those of the audience who, without any critical faculty of their own, are ready enough to damn a play on the judgment of those who set themselves up as critics.

16, *bay:* yelp at in a cowardly manner, knowing themselves to be out of range of danger. Originally the lines ran, "Unchecked on both, caprice may vent its rage, As children pet a lion in a cage."

17, 8, *The offended . . . rail.* The elector who thinks he has some grievance against the member of Parliament representing his borough, silently nurses that grievance until, at a general election, having a vote to give or to refuse, he feels that he may safely speak his mind in the plainest terms.

19, 20, *Their schemes . . . hiss:* similarly, the poet's enemies, envious of his success, or having a grudge against him for something he has written, secretly cherish their ill-will till the opportunity comes for venting it by hissing his piece.

21, *powder'd curls.* In Goldsmith's day it was the fashionable custom to dress the hair, or the wig, which was more generally worn, with white powder—a custom now confined to men-servants: *golden coat*, coat adorned with gold lace, or, in a more general sense, splendid in material and colour.

22, *swelling, sc.* with pride at having a vote to be begged: *Crispin*, i.e. cobbler, shoemaker, St Crispin being the patron saint of the trade.

23, *our wit.* Said with scorn: this fellow we know so well, who sets himself up for a wit: *the pert apprentice*, the conceited, sharp-tongued underling of some tradesman, who feels a malicious pleasure in trying to injure one whose superiority he envies.

24, *Lies . . . feet*: is at my mercy, it being in my power to ensure the success or the failure of his piece.

25, 6, *The great . . . bribe*. There is a difference, it is true, between the great man who is seeking re-election as a member of Parliament and the poet who aims at pleasing an audience; for the former can back his request for a vote by holding out the prospect of some solid remuneration, whether in the shape of money, place, custom, &c.; the latter can only entreat a favourable hearing.

27, 8, *Yet judged . . . gold*: yet, on the other hand, the poet having to plead to those whose verdict was never given for money, has no need to have recourse to the sordid argument of a bribe. In the words "whose voices ne'er were sold," Goldsmith, while scorning the idea of a bribe being needed for an audience so capable of judging and so conscientious, is at the same time using the bribe of flattery.

30, *to merit . . . you*: to his own merit and to you who are so well able and so ready to do justice to merit. The speaker of this prologue was the actor Robert Bensley, of whom Lamb, *Elia*, *On some of the Old Actors*, pp. 184, 5, Anger's edition, has some pleasant remarks.

ACT I.

2, *bluntness*: outspoken language; such as a servant of tried fidelity might use to his master.

3, *freedom, sc. of speech*. Here Jarvis's indignation at the idea of the nephew being disinherited.

13, *What signifies . . . me*. A question of appeal, equivalent to "His affection for me is of no value, seeing that he shows just as much affection for everybody else."

15, *sharper, swindler, cheat: coxcomb, fop*; fellow vain of his fine clothes. The fool or jester of old days originally wore a hood resembling a monk's cowl; this was sometimes decorated with asses' ears, or else terminated in the neck and head of a cock; it also often had the *comb* or crest only of the bird, whence the term *cockscumb*, or *coxcomb*, was later on used to denote any silly, upstart, conceited fellow.

17, *Every man's man*, ready to give his friendship to every one he comes across: *cries*, shows sympathy, not literally sheds tears.

19, *whose instructions . . . this?* Another question of appeal, equivalent to "This is due to the instructions he received from you."

21, *Employment, sc. as ambassador*.

23, *Faith, i.e. in faith, in truth*; a modified form of oath.

25, 6, **This same . . . journey.** This philosophy of which you boast is of no practical use whatever. **This same**, as here, generally has a sarcastic emphasis: **arrant**, "a variant of *errant*, 'wandering, vagrant, vagabond, which, from its frequent use in such expressions as *arrant thief*, became an intensive, 'thorough, notorious, down-right,' especially from its original associations with opprobrious names." . . . (Murray, *Eng. Dict.*) Though nowadays always used in a bad sense, it is not infrequently found in the old dramatists in a good sense, = *thorough*: **jade**, properly a tired, panting, exhausted animal; often used of a tricky, deceitful woman; also for an old woman.

31, **the importunate**: those who importune, pester him to do them some service; Lat. *importunus*, unfit, unsuitable, troublesome, grievous, rude.

34, **has it**: gets the benefit of it.

41, **went security for**: became surety for; legally pledged his name for payment in case the borrower should fail to pay when the debt became due.

44, **upon that I proceed**: his having thus foolishly taken upon himself the debt of another is the groundwork of the action I am about to take, gives me the opportunity of trying to reclaim him.

46, **absconded**: hidden himself from justice, run away in order to escape being arrested for his debt: **have . . . security**, have paid the money due upon the bond, and thus acquired the right to demand the amount from my nephew.

49, 50, **to clap . . . him**, suddenly to have him arrested by a bailiff for the sum in question: to **clap** indicates the doing of an act with a quick motion, suddenly; so to "**clap on sails**," = to set them hastily; to "**clap to the doors**," = to shut them hurriedly: **an officer**, here an officer of the courts of justice, a sergeant, bailiff.

50, 1, **and then . . . relief**, i.e. and then he will find that those whom he has always been so ready to befriend, far from requiting his friendship, will leave him to his wretchedness without an effort in his behalf.

53, **Music**: the pleasantest sound possible.

56, 7, **as he does . . . hairdresser**: as he does when his hairdresser comes to curl and arrange his hair. In those days much more elaborate attention was paid to the dressing of the hair than at present, and a fine gentleman like young Honeywood would have his hairdresser in attendance every day.

61, **about**: near.

66, 67, **can scarce . . . virtue**: weed out the tares of vice without at the same time rooting up the good corn of virtue; an allusion to the parable of the tares; *Matthew*, xiii. 24-30, which see.

68, **go thy ways**. Here **ways** is the old genitive used adverbially, "go on thy way;" the expression is frequent in Shakespeare with *come* and *go*.

69, **allows**: acknowledges, admits; from "*F. allower*, formerly *alouer*, 'to let out to hire, to appoint or set down a proportion for expense, or for any other employment;' Cot.: from law Lat. *allocare*, to admit a thing as proved," etc. (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*)

70, **hopeful**: used ironically; much the same as *foolish* in the next line.

73, **the better**, all the more: **the** is here the ablative of the demonstrative, by so much the better, by how much they are more numerous.

78, 9, **our usual . . . compliment**. A euphemism for the bills which are sent in to us every day of our lives; "demands for payment left at the house 'with' Mr So-and-So's 'compliments'" (Littledale); in contrast with the cards left by visitors.

80, 1, **broker, money-lender**: **Crooked-lane**, a lane in London at the end of Cannon Street, on the right.

88, **the Fleet**. The great prison (demolished in 1844), originally used for those who were condemned by the Star Chamber, and later on for debtors. It was so called from being on the banks of the Fleet, a stream running through the valley, where Farringdon Street at present is, but arched over in 1765, and now nothing more than a large sewer. For a vivid picture of the latter days of this prison, see Dickens' *Pickwick*, chh. xli, &c.

89, **stop his mouth**: prevent his constantly worrying you for payment of his bill.

90, **fill their mouths**: provide them with food; with a reference to Jarvis's words "stop his mouth."

96, **going . . . sevens**: in such a state of confusion; an older form of the phrase was "at six and seven."

101, **upon the waste**: going to rack and ruin.

102, **gone already**, i.e. if only young Honeywood had taken the trouble to make love to Miss Richland, he could easily have won her for his wife, and so got possession of her fortune; whereas now it was as good as gone, by another having gained her affections.

108, **has made unfit . . . family**, sc. because no one would be likely to engage as servants those who had been so indulged that they had become worthless drunkards.

107, **pack**: like "crew," used in a scornful sense.

112, **pantry**, a room for provisions; literally "a place where bread is made (hence, where it is kept . . . Low Lat. *paneta*, one who makes bread—Lat. *pan*, base of *panis*, bread" . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*): in the fact, in the very act of stealing.

116, **turned off at Tyburn**, *i.e.* hanged; with a pun on "turn him off" *i.e.* dismiss him. **Tyburn**: "At this [the north-eastern] corner of Hyde Park . . . was the famous 'Tyburn Tree,' sometimes called the 'Three-Legged Mare,' being a triangle on three legs, where the public executions took place, till they were transferred to Newgate in 1783. . . .—The condemned were brought hither in a cart from Newgate. . . .—The cart was driven underneath the gallows, and, after the noose was adjusted, was driven quickly away . . . so that the prisoner was left suspended." . . . (Hare, *Walks in London*, i. 114, 5). This method of hanging probably accounts for the euphemism "turned off" = hanged.

117, **We'll hang him**, *i.e.* get him hanged. Littledale points out that theft was in those days punishable with death.

123, **butler**, literally one who attends to *bottles*; from Norman French, *butuille*, a bottle.

127, **scullion**: a kitchen menial of the lowest rank. The word is derived by Wedgewood from F. *escouillon*, a dishclout.

128, **the privy counsellor**, "a slang term for a scavenger" (Littledale).

132, 3, **ex-ex-exposition**: the butler's drunken utterance.

150, **show him up**: usher him upstairs, not keep him waiting in the hall.

152, **all's one to me**, it makes no difference to me.

155, **The match**: the arrangement for a marriage between his son and Miss Richland.

159, **has got . . . head**, *fancies*: the phrase implies that there is no good ground for the supposition.

162, 3, **set all things . . . again**: replace the fortune which young Honeywood squandered.

168, **harbour**: entertain, give admission to; with the idea of such admission being improper; so to "harbour criminals," to give them a refuge to which they have no right.

169, **unworthy her merits**, *i.e.* of her merits.

173, **Was ever . . . patience**: did any one ever hear such absurdly high-flown self-sacrifice? It puts me out of all patience.

177, **very fine . . . way**: good people enough, he in his way, she in hers.

184, **a passing-bell**. This "passing-bell," as it is called, is still rung in some parts of England, but the origin of the custom is disputed. By some it is supposed to have been introduced with a view to scaring away demons watching to take possession of the dying man's soul; by others, to have been tolled to solicit prayers for the passing soul, or to admonish those living to meditate upon their own death; cf. *ii. H. iv.*, i. 1. 103; *Venus and Adonis*, 702.

186, **A raven . . . mischief.** The raven, from its hoarse voice, its heavy flight, and its black plumage, was of old supposed to bode, foreshow, some coming evil; and our older literature abounds with references to this superstition. Cf., for instance, *Othello*, iv. 1. 20-2, "O, it comes o'er my memory, As doth the raven o'er the infected house, *Boding* to all;" *Macbeth*, i. 5. 39-41, "The raven himself is hoarse That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements."

187, **cross-bones.** As an emblem of death, two thigh-bones crossed and surmounted by a skull were of old often figured on coffins, tombstones, etc., and to this day form the badge of the "Black Brunswickers," or 16th Lancers, in the English army.

187, **rue** : "the plant *Ruta graveolens*, called also *herb of grace*, and used, on account of its name [*rue*=sorrow] as a symbol of sorry remembrance" (Schmidt, *Shakespeare Lexicon*); cf. *Richard the Second*, iii. 4. 105, "*Rue*, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen, In the remembrance of a weeping queen."

188, **night-shade** : a poisonous shrub common in English hedges; "compounded of *nicht*, night, and *scadu*, shade; perhaps because thought to be evil, and loving the shade of night" (Skeat).

190, **My old monitor**, sc. Jarvis, who was always giving him advice.

194, **an undertaker** : originally nothing more than one who takes a business in hand, but specially applied to one whose business is that of making coffins and furnishing funerals.

195, **this is such a satisfaction** : I am delighted to see you. Honeywood's "good-nature," though he has just been confessing how Croaker's conversation depressed him, compels him to welcome his visitor as though there were no one whom he would more gladly see; and Croaker immediately begins to justify his name and Jarvis's description of him by boding evil, like the raven.

200, **But God send . . . months!** But may God grant that before long we may be better than we now are! A wish which, by the tone in which it is uttered, he has little hope of seeing realised.

203, **apprehensions** : fears of evil.

206, **Money . . . Kingdom.** It was an old apprehension that money embarked in trade, or otherwise circulated outside the country, was a real loss of its wealth.

208, **Jesuits.** "The society or company of Jesus was founded by Ignatius Loyola, a page to Ferdinand V. of Spain, subsequently an officer in his army, and afterwards canonised. Having been wounded in both legs at the siege of Pampeluna, in 1521, he devoted himself to theology, and renounced the military for the

ecclesiastical profession. He dedicated his life to the Blessed Virgin as her knight, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and on his return laid the foundation of his Society at Paris, 16th Aug. 1534. . . . Francis Xavier and other missionaries, the first brethren, carried the Order to the extremities of the habitable globe, but it met with great opposition in Europe, particularly in Paris." . . . (Haydn, *Dict. of Dates*.) The Society was at various times expelled from every country in Europe, in England as many as five times, the last expulsion being by the Catholic Relief Act, in 1829.

209, **Charing Cross**. "In 1266 a village on this side was spoken of as Cherringe. . . . This earlier mention of the name unfortunately renders it impossible to derive it, as has often been done, from *La Chère Reine* [the dear Queen], Eleanor, wife of Edward I. . . . to whom her husband erected here the last of the nine crosses which marked the resting-places of the beloved corpse, in 1291, on its way from Lincoln to Westminster. . . . The other crosses were at Lincoln, Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St Albans, Waltham, Cheap; and of these only those at Northampton and Waltham remain. . . . The modern cross erected in front of the Charing Cross Railway Station is intended as a reproduction of it. The old cross was pulled down in 1647 by the Puritans." . . . (Hare, *Walks in London*, i. 26, 7.)

209, **Temple Bar**: an archway erected outside the gates of the Temple Inn (so called because formerly inhabited by the Knights Templars, at the suppression of which Order the building was purchased by the Professors of the Common-law, and converted into Inns of Court in 1311); after being rebuilt and repaired at different times, it was in 1879 finally removed, and its stones set up in Theobald's Park, near Cheshunt. The distance from Charing Cross to Temple Bar is about a mile only.

220, **her own manufactures**: articles of clothing spun by her own hands.

221, **the devil a thing**, not the least particle.

221, 2, **except their faces**: except their complexions, which they have made up with rouge and powder.

224, **abroad**: in other people's houses.

226, **canonised**: included in the canon or list of those who by the Church are dignified as "Saints." This canonisation is a rite now practised only in the Roman and Greek Churches.

229, **relished, liked**: either by one . . . other, by either of the two families concerned in the matter.

232, **might go far**: would be likely to have great effect.

239, **That all's . . . within**: that I have no cares in my breast.

242, **I've now no more . . . house**: I have no more authority

at home than belongs to one who hires rooms in a house, and has merely a right of occupation.

243, a little spirit : some show of determination and courage.

246, rouse : wake up from my usual submissiveness, and show some of that spirit which you recommend.

251, is but an inlet to : is but a means of letting in a new stream of, etc.

254, 5, made . . . himself : a euphemism for "committed suicide."

256, 7, There was merit . . . you ! There (*i.e.* in him, in his case) was an instance for you of a man who was driven to suicide from his high qualities not being duly valued.

262, 3, some people . . . me : some people spitefully said that constant association with me had so infected his spirits, that he could no longer endure life. Croaker speaks as though he were the cheeriest companion a man could have, the last man in the world to depress anyone's spirits.

269, affects me, *sc.* with sorrow.

274, if we compare . . . hideous. Cunningham compares Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, letter lxxiii., "If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous."

277-9, Life . . . over. "Mr Croaker here repeats, almost verbatim, the last sentence in Sir William Temple's 'Discourse of Poetry'" (Cunningham) : froward, perverse, petulant : humoured, petted, its ill-humours being given in to.

281, vanity : emptiness.

281, 2, We wept . . . world, as newly-born children do : every day . . . why, the more we see of this troublesome life, the more reason we feel that we had for thus crying at our entrance into it.

238, what if I bring . . . ? Suppose I bring with me, *i.e.* it will not be a bad thing if I bring, etc. : the *Gazetteer*, a newspaper of the day.

291, the late earthquake. There was a slight shock of an earthquake in London in 1750, but the reference here is specially to the great earthquake at Lisbon on the 1st November 1755, where "in about eight minutes most of the houses and upwards of 50,000 inhabitants were swallowed up, and whole streets buried . . . This awful earthquake extended 5000 miles ; even to Scotland" (Haydn, *Dict. of Dates*).

300, broken : nearly ruined by extravagance.

304, 5, but they're . . . themselves : but (I need not ask the question, for) they are coming up themselves without waiting to be shown the way.

308, dowager : literally, a widow with a jointure, *i.e.* one who

at her marriage had received a dowry ; here some rich old widow who wasted her money in buying curiosities of art.

309, bidding . . . herself. Owing to her deafness, she fancied that others at the auction were bidding against her for curiosities she was determined to buy, and so in her eagerness went on bidding higher and higher, though for some time past every one had ceased to bid against her, and so the goods had already become hers.

309-11, And then . . . collection : and then to think of her taking such a keen interest in ancient works of art, when she herself is a greater curiosity of antiquity than any of the articles in the collection for sale ! The idea is amusing in the extreme.

312, 3, if some . . . good humour : if, from some compunctions of friendship towards the old lady, I am unable to take part in your merriment at her expense.

315, 6, as it . . . my husband. Mrs Croaker speaks of her husband's society as though it were something as unpleasant as a dose of medicine.

317, Richland. Modern courtesy puts "Miss" or "Mrs" (both of which are shortened forms of "Mistress") before the names of ladies ; the former for an unmarried, the latter for a married lady.

319, to refuse it, *sc.* pardon for not joining in their laughter at the dowager.

320, 1, don't be so ready . . . explanation. Mrs Croaker had before insinuated that there was a secret attachment between Miss Richland and Honeywood, and that therefore it was her pardon that he should be anxious to win : she now insinuates that Miss Richland is desirous of leading Honeywood openly to declare his love for her.

323, should be misunderstood : should be supposed to be something more than mere friendship.

324, There's no . . . others : one cannot answer for what others may think or do, but I may say for myself that, etc.

336, at least . . . ladies. Mrs Croaker endeavours to make Miss Richland jealous, and goes on to mention the names of ladies to whom, from their admiration for Honeywood, he may be supposed to have paid attention : the ladies, women generally, the fair sex.

337, in all companies, *i.e.* whenever they have an opportunity : whenever at social gatherings they get a chance of talking of him.

339, professed : openly avowed.

341, there, with her : seriously, really, in serious truth.

342, Is she . . . of ? Is she such a miracle of beauty as people describe her ?

346, her skill . . . one : she becomes more and more skilful

in imitating natural beauty by the help of art, *i.e.* by rouge, powder, etc.

348, **dressy things**: women who, by extravagance in dress, hope to make up for their loss of beauty.

349, **exposing her person**: wearing dresses so low as to show more of her neck and bust than is consistent with modesty.

350, **sticking herself up**, showing herself prominently: a **side-box**, one of the private compartments in a theatre or an opera-house, hired by people of wealth and fashion. These boxes, being in a part of the theatre from which the stage could best be seen, were themselves conspicuous.

350, 1, **trailing** . . . **Almack's**, languidly going through a dance at some fashionable assembly: **minuet**, a French dance, introduced into England, of a slow and stately character; so called from the short steps taken in it; *F. menuet*, small, little, pretty: **Almack's**, "a suite of assembly-rooms in King Street, St James' (London), built in 1765 by a Scotchman named Macall, who inverted his name to obviate all prejudice [*i.e.* the prejudice then common against Scotchmen] and hide his origin. Balls, presided over by a committee of ladies of the highest rank, used to be given at these rooms, and to be admitted to them was as great a distinction as to be introduced at Court" (Brewer, quoted by Littledale).

351, 2, **the public gardens**. The two great public gardens of the time were those of Ranelagh and Vauxhall. The former, for concerts and dancing, near Chelsea, occupying the grounds of Ranelagh House, were opened in 1742, and closed in 1804; the latter, so called from the manor of Vauxhall, were opened as a public resort in 1732, and closed in 1859.

352, 3, **painted** . . . **place**. "She is old and her face is painted, so she is compared to the imitation ruins, made of wood and canvas, which were set up in the gardens to make the place look picturesque" (Littledale).

355, **trading**: holding commerce with, making your market with, dealing with the matter of love, flirtation, etc.

356, **a useful commerce**. Here the reference is to the more serious business of marriage, as compared with the more frivolous intercourse between younger people: **fifty**, *i.e.* ladies of fifty years and more.

359, **fitted** . . . **traffic**, made fit for trading in love affairs: in **fitted out**, the metaphor is from preparing a merchant-vessel for a voyage.

360, 1, **when all** . . . **face**: when in reality it was a waste of time to take so much trouble with their hair, seeing that it was not anything about their hair, but their plain faces, that prevented them from being attractive.

362, **I'll engage**: I'll make a bet, I'll pledge my word.

362, 3, **has carried . . . market**: has found a good market for her wares, *i.e.* has succeeded in catching a wealthy husband.

367, **you're engaged . . . party**: you have promised to go for a stroll with us in the town, to visit shops, see sights, etc.

369, **have business for you**: have enough to occupy your time and attention.

373, 4, **Then I'm resolved . . . refusal**. The fact that the appointment was with her husband makes her all the more determined to prevent its being kept, as she will thus be able to annoy him.

377, **find jest, i.e. matter for laughter**.

378, **chariot, carriage**, as we should now say.

381, **what . . . give**. We should now say rather "what would I not give," *i.e.* I would give anything in the world.

385, 6, **censuring**, censorious, ever ready to find fault. To "censure" originally meant only to "pass an opinion upon;" then, as that opinion was so often an unfavourable one, it came to have its present condemnatory sense.

388, 9, **a mercenary guardian**: a guardian whose only thought was how he might get you a rich husband.

390, **the man . . . choice, sc. himself**, whom she had chosen for her husband.

400, **And that . . . be**. In her mouth "known" means "discovered to be who she really is;" in his mouth it means so "well known that her many virtues will be duly appreciated."

403, **Lyons**, in the south of France, famous for its silk manufactures.

407, **directed**: addressed on the envelope.

409, **the old gentleman**: Croaker.

411, **my master-stroke**: the cleverest part of my whole scheme.

424, 5, **apprehensions**: fears.

425, 6, **when your . . . balance**: when she sees how far superior you are to all other men.

429, 30, **upon her refusal**: when she refuses me, as she is certain to do.

432, **pretended addresses**: declarations, assurances of love which are only feigned.

437, **my life's treasure**: my darling, dearer to me than anything in the whole world.

440, 1, **it can but end . . . Scotland**: we shall but have to take a journey to Gretna Green, in order to be married without the sanction of your guardian. At Gretna Green, in Dumfries, near the borders of England and Scotland, runaway marriages were, till 1856, frequently contracted, as by Scotch law an

acknowledgment before witnesses made a marriage legal. By an Act of Parliament passed in 1856 such marriages were made illegal unless the parties to them had lived in Scotland for twenty-one days.

451, 2, **such a transformation**, *sc.* from his grave discourse with Croaker to his merriment with the ladies within.

453, 4, a **plague . . . balderdash**: curses on the nonsense they are talking! "Generally used now to signify weak talk, poor poetry, etc. But it is most certain that it formerly was used also of adulterated or thin potations, or of frothy water; and, as a verb, to adulterate drink so as to weaken it" . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*). Also of beer with a mixture of wine in it: so Taylor, the water poet, in his *Drink and Welcome*, "Now and then in beer and *balderdash* Her lips she dips."

455, **was . . . party**: was one of the company.

455, a **horse laugh**, a loud, boisterous laugh: **pews**, rows of seats in a church, etc.; now used only of sacred buildings, but formerly with a wider application: **tabernacle**, properly meaning a tent used as a temple, from Lat. *tabernaculum*, a double diminutive of *taberna*, a hut, shed; but specially used of the meeting-houses of sects dissenting from the English Church, and here with something of a sneer at the sanctimoniousness attributed to such sects.

461, **must not . . . family**: must not be allowed to pass (as it would by marriage) to any one not a member of our family.

468, 9, a **claim upon Government**: a claim for money now in the hands of Government, but legally due to her.

470, **the Treasury**: a department of Government having control over revenue and expenditure. This trust, formerly in the hands of the lord high treasurer, is now confided to a commission, and vested in five persons, called "lords commissioners for executing the office of lord high treasurer," and of these the Chancellor of the Exchequer is usually one, the first lord being usually the Premier.

478, **always listen to reason**: am always ready to hear reasonable arguments, but not to be persuaded by them, as the phrase usually implies.

480, a **mutual choice**: a choice in which each chooses the other for his and her partner in marriage. On these words Croaker immediately afterwards puts a meaning of his own.

485, **pack out**: to take yourself off without a minute's delay.

488, **An only father**. Croaker is, of course, only sneering at Leontine's "only son."

489, 90, **disobliged me**: did anything to vex or thwart me.

490, 1, a **sad dog**, a young rascal, but said in a good-humoured way: **Livy**, an abbreviation of Olivia.

497, **it's a good child.** An affectionate way of speaking to children, which Croaker employs here to show his love to Olivia.

500, **the curry-comb maker.** A curry-comb is a flat iron instrument with rows of sharp teeth, used in combing horses; the verb to "curry," especially used of dressing leather, being from the O.F. *conroi*, apparatus, equipage, gear. **lying in state.** "This," says Littledale, "is only done now in the case of sovereigns and heroes, and is a very solemn proceeding. Formerly it was more general; cf. 'when a tradesman dies, his frightful face is painted up by an undertaker, and placed in a proper position to receive company; this is called lying in state. To this disagreeable spectacle all the idlers of the town flock, and learn to loathe the wretched dead, whom they despised when living,' &c. *Citizen of the World*, letter xii" (Littledale).

502, **prodigiously**, immensely; a cant use of the word, much like the present "awfully"; the proper sense of "prodigious" being "portentous," "ominous," from Lat. *prodigium*, a showing beforehand, sign, token, portent.

503, **and these . . . other.** Croaker keeps up his character for gloating over anything that is melancholy and morbid.

ACT II.

8, **these ten years.** An indefinite way of saying "for the last ten years or so." So, in the singular, "*this* nineteen years," *Measure for Measure*, i. 3. 21. See Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 87.

10, **by the bye**: more correctly "by the *by*," i.e. in passing, "incidentally," with an ellipsis of such words as "it may be remarked": **prodigious**, very exalted; see above.

13, **daughter . . . he**, *sc.* by Leontine's marrying her.

14, 5, **a Scotch parson.** See above, i. 440.

17, **demurely**, staidly, soberly; with the further idea of secrecy. From O.F. *de murs*, i.e. *de bon murs*, of good manners: **carried** it, behaved herself; **it** being used indefinitely. See Abb. § 226.

19, **the sly cheat**: this treacherous minx, *sc.* Olivia; but said in a good-humoured way.

21, 2, **She was loth . . . own**: she who was such a bad hand at keeping, was so ill able to keep her own secrets, was loth to trust them, etc.

24, **serious proposals**, *sc.* of marriage.

25, 6, **to open . . . form**: to make a formal proposal for my hand in marriage.

33, 4, as I hope . . . married: I swear by all the hopes I have of being married some day or other.

38, 9, and so throw . . . them: and so oblige them, if they wish to avoid the match, to decline it themselves (and thereby save the fortune I should lose if it was I who declined it).

42, 'cuteness, a slang contraction of *acuteness*. So the modern American talks of a "cute fellow," etc.

44, practise a lesson . . . themselves, *i.e.* practise against themselves a lesson they have, etc.

51, plaguy shy, confoundedly shy, in modern colloquial speech: changed, exchanged, *sc.* by becoming a woman.

56, nearly concerns: is of the greatest importance to.

65, Yes, my dear, etc. Croaker, pretending to acquiesce with his son, at the same time backs out of the explanation, and leaves it to him to make.

67, to make . . . it: to offer his explanation as best he may.

68, the whole affair . . . deliver. Leontine, in his turn, tries to put the objectionable task upon his father.

71, My mind . . . me, I am very much afraid: be brought on; be persuaded into making his offer of marriage.

75, regard, good wishes. Miss Richland pretends to believe that it is Croaker who has some favour to ask of her.

77, sweeting, darling, sweet little thing. A "sweeting" was originally a kind of sweet apple, popularly so called; and the word was thence used as a term of endearment; frequent in Shakespeare in the latter sense.

78, another guess . . . I, a very different person from myself. The phrase is still common in America; and another guess is "a phonetic reduction of *anothergets* for *anothergates* [originally genitive case of 'another gate,' *i.e.* of another way, manner, or fashion]. . . . The spelling *guess* suggests a wrong derivation" (Murray, *Eng. Dict.*).

80, Call up . . . dog! for very shame make an effort and show yourself like a lover, summon up a loving look.

83, absent, absent-minded, in a day-dream like a lover.

84-6, if he had not . . . understanding: his passion is so impetuous that if he had not me to help him, he would be quite overwhelmed by it. The metaphor is, of course, from a torrent.

95, 6, And yet I . . . confession: and yet I am afraid that, in confessing how powerfully his manner of address affects me, I shall be thought to say more than a modest maiden should say.

98, my reserve, my reserved manner, my want of outspoken language.

101, want, am without, am lacking in.

102, your humble servant, *i.e.* the speaker himself: is not . . .

103, **you**: has some small share in your regard, is not altogether disliked by you.

105, **St James'**. The street and square of that name were then, as now, a fashionable quarter of London.

106, **flatter myself**: bring myself to believe, though in doing so I should be guilty of self-flattery.

108, 9, **By your dear self**, *i.e.* as a goddess above all other goddesses.

115, **What signifies asking**: what is the use of asking.

123, **you talked of force**. Anxious to get himself out of the difficulty, Leontine takes advantage of her words "*forces me to comply*," and disavows all wish to compel her.

128, **It is a match**: the thing is settled, the match is made up.

136, **get you both gone**. "An idiom; that is to say, a peculiar form of expression, the principle of which cannot be carried out beyond the particular instance. Thus we cannot say either *make thee gone*, or *he got him (or himself) gone*. Phraseologies, on the contrary, which are not idiomatic are paradigmatic, or may serve as models or moulds for others to any extent. All expression is divided into these two kinds" . . . (Craik on *J.C.*, ii. 4. 2).

137, 8, **the tender explanation**, *sc.* that is sure to ensue when you are left alone: the avowal of mutual love.

140, **the boy . . . mother**. As usual, Croaker loses no opportunity of sneering at his wife: **takes after**, resembles in character.

143, **The hold . . . that**, I will bet you a guinea it does not: **of that**, about that.

150, 1, **That sister of mine**. See Abbott, § 239.

153, **Fold a fiddlestick**. What nonsense you talk! The phrase "Fiddlestick!" was, and still is, used in the same contemptuous way, and is probably due to the slightness of the instrument. Cf. *minikin*, which properly meaning something small, a little darling, and, as an adjective, small, neat, pretty, was used for the treble string of a fiddle, and so for the fiddle itself.

154, **Nick**, short for "Nicholas."

157, **to crown his addresses**, *sc.* with success; *i.e.*, to accept his proposal of marriage.

159, **family considerations**: considerations as to the advantage to be gained by such an alliance.

163, **the little baggage**, the sly puss: **baggage**, a term of contempt, as we say "a bad lot," but here used in affectionate reproach.

164, 5, **on't**, of it; now a vulgarism, but formerly in common use: **the old ones**, her parents and guardians: **for the world**, on any account.

167, **amour**: love intrigue.

173, the most serious part: "the marriage-settlement, dowry" (Littledale).

180, made . . . acquaintance, became acquainted with him: Lady Shabbaroon, a fictitious name for a lady of title: rout, evening party; properly "a crowd of people;" a term now nearly, if not quite, obsolete in this sense.

182, a backstairs favourite, a man of secret influence at court: backstairs, especially the private stairs of a palace, then figuratively a secret, disingenuous method of approach, and attributively of, pertaining to, or employing underhand intrigue at court.

187, places: appointments, lucrative posts.

189, his nicety: his being so particular as to what he should accept.

191, An expresse . . . minutes. In the broken English of the French servant, "I come with a special message from Mr Lofty. He will call upon you immediately. He has only to pass orders on four or five matters; to read two or three memorials; and to call upon one ambassador. He will be with you in a few minutes."

197, 8, Was there . . . breeding? Is not his way of treating us a very model of high-bred courtesy?

199, express: a special message or messenger; O.F., *expres*, special, from Lat. *expressus*, distinct, plain.

204, Never mind . . . life: don't abuse this world as being "bad," for you know nothing of any better world.

207, by the thundering rap: as one may be sure by the loud knock on the door-knocker, which shows the haste he is in.

209, an indorsement . . . bill, a signature of the back of a bill of exchange, or a cheque, of the person to whom it is made payable: indorsement, Lat. *in*, in or on, and *dorsum*, a back.

211, steal a marriage: enter into a marriage engagement without my knowledge.

214, 5, that teasing creature. The epithet teasing is used to imply that the marquis and he were on the most intimate terms; so much so, that the intimacy was a worry to him from the various acts of friendship which the marquis asked of him.

216, pack-horse, slave, beast of burden: cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 219, "Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter To this detested groom."

218, his grace. Another affectation of intimacy with great people, the title being used only to dukes and archbishops.

222, the commission, appointment to some office, more especially used of appointments in the army: made out, drawn up officially, and so ready to be issued: in the person, there is an affectation of secrecy, as if the name of its owner was too important to mention.

223, **state**, so often made that it has become as flat as beer, etc., that have lost their flavour from standing for a length of time: it can keep cold, it may be left unnoticed: here again the figure is that of liquor which once warm has been allowed to become cold, and so has lost its virtue.

227, **the Cornish borough**, an allusion to one of the "rotten" boroughs, as they were called, in which the influence of some great person was able to return as member of the House of Commons any candidate he chose to favour: **you must do him**, you must get rid of him by some excuse or other; by any pretext you may think of at the moment. Lofty pretends that he cannot bother himself about such a trifling affair, but must leave it to be managed by his servant.

229, **but he will . . . to-day**: but (it is not necessary to trouble myself about that matter, for) he, etc.

231-3, **to express . . . servant**. Notice the pompous circumlocution of the man who had "just snatched a moment," etc.

236, **Sink the public**: the public be hanged, as modern colloquialism would say.

239, **in affairs**: engaged in managing state affairs.

243, **Waller**, Edmund, poet and politician, 1605-1687.

244, **of the House**, a member of the House of Commons.

249, 50, **here I stand . . . books**, i.e. even I, whom every one knows to be a man of such vast intellect, know, etc.

251, **a land-carriage fishery**. In 1761, that is, seven years before this play was written, fish-machines were set up for conveying fish by land to London, and in 1764 their support was taken up by Parliament.

252, **a stamp act**, a reference to the Stamp Act which led to the American War, passed in 1765, repealed in 1766: **jaghire**, more properly *jae-gir*, an estate in India granted by Government as an acknowledgment of services.

253, **them**, sc. books.

256, **gad**: a corruption of "God," used in order to avoid the penalties of the statutes against profane swearing.

259, **a formidable man**: a man whose opposition it is not wise to provoke.

260, **bespatter**, sc. with adulation.

260, 1, **their little, dirty levees**: speaking as though the levees of Ministers were things deserving the utmost contempt of so high-souled a personage as himself.

262, **Measures . . . mark**: my support and my opposition have always been directed to the measures proposed in Parliament, not to the men who introduced them. Cp. Burke, *Present Discontents*, p. 87, ed. Payne, "Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men but measures*."

265, as mere men : as individuals, not as proposers or supporters of particular measures.

268, my foible : my weakness ; that on which I confess I am vain enough to pride myself.

269, the Duke of Brentford : a fictitious title.

272, upon his legs : standing up in his place in parliament : prodigious, wonderful in his eloquence : scouts them, treats them with the greatest scorn.

275, 6, assurance : confidence in pleading their merits.

277, in bronze, as firm as a statue cast in bronze ; so we speak of "brazen looks," though in a bad sense : A propos! talking of such matters ; by the way.

282, borough interest, *i.e.* he hints that it will be as well to see to her business not merely from considerations of justice, but because she has influence in various boroughs, and may, if you treat her unjustly, use that influence to secure the return to Parliament of members who will vote against you.

290, the fountain-head : the source from which such favours flow.

291, understrappers : "subordinates [originally a groom who buckled a rider's spur-straps and horse-girths. See Swift, *Journal to Stella*, xxxii., 'I have instructed an under spurleather to write so that it is taken for mine']" (Littledale).

294, solicitor, pleader of one's cause ; not here in the technical sense.

309, to know, to ascertain, find out.

310, 11, to be . . . orange-barrow, to wheel a costermonger's cart.

315, What if she . . . instant : suppose she should be sent ; *i.e.* it would be a capital plan to send her.

316, 7, My life . . . cure : I stake my life that to find him in such a plight would instantly cure her of all love for him.

320, 1, must not . . . away : must not be allowed to waste herself and her fortune upon a pauper like Honeywood.

326, Her indelicacy : her want of feminine modesty in being so ready to accept his love.

330, 1, The same attention . . . her : I have used as much effort to make her think *ill* of me as I have used to make you think *well* of me.

338, compliance : readiness to yield to my wishes.

339, draw upon content. A metaphor from banking : as his drafts upon fortune were no longer to be cashed, he would have recourse to contentment to make up for what he could not obtain from that source.

341, 2, humble happiness, *i.e.* the happiness to be found in a wedded life, even if accompanied by poverty.

343-6, I may be . . . deceiver ? Your father may, as you

say, be fond of me, but as soon as he finds out that I have deceived him, and am not really his daughter, he will begin to hate me, and my position will then be a most miserable one.

348, *private* : clandestine, secret.

349, *have sounded . . . wish* : I have indirectly tried to find out his views upon such a case as ours is, and his answers are exactly what I could wish. The figure is that of ascertaining the depth of the sea by means of a plummet-line.

351, *dropped from him* : casually fell from his lips.

353, *As we could wish* : most opportunely.

358, 9, *the decorums of resentment* : such signs of displeasure as it would be right for me to show, considering my position of father.

374, 5, *gets over little things* : prevents little things from annoying us.

380, *hussy* : properly a pert girl ; a corruption of *huswif*, i.e. house-wife, manager of the house ; but often, as here, used with playful affection.

395, *family lumber* : old furniture only fit to be put away in some unused room. "The *lumber-room* was originally the Lombard-room, or room where the Lombard banker and broker stowed away his pledges. . . . As these would naturally often accumulate here till they became out of date and unserviceable, the steps are easy to be traced by which the word came to possess its present meaning" (Trench, *apud* Skeat).

399, *my consequence* : the consequence, importance, in which I am held by you.

400, *a dead Russian*. "The ground being frozen hard in Russia in winter, graves could not be dug, and so corpses were sometimes kept unburied till there came a thaw, when the ground became soft again" (Littledale).

401, *goes . . . heart* : gives me the greatest pain.

410, *But hope . . . me*, but (it is no use my expecting that, for) hope, etc.

413, *indeed my daughter*. As Littledale points out, while Croaker means that Olivia is truly his daughter, i.e. what a daughter of his should be, she takes the words to mean that he accepts her as his daughter-in-law, sanctions her marriage with his son.

414, *transport* : excess of joy, ecstasy ; something that transports her out of herself.

415, *against severity . . . children*, opposed to treating our children with undue severity : *giddy*, foolish.

420, *urchin*, properly a hedgehog, then a goblin, imp, and so a term of affection to a child, like monkey, rogue, hussy, etc.

426, *native honour* : in-born sense of what is honourable.

432, 3, *The life . . . blessing* : the life, for giving me which I owe him such gratitude, is but as nothing compared to that happiness he now gives me in sanctioning my union with Olivia.

434, 5, *that fine . . . manner*. The "tragedy face" is the look of contrition which he assumes as he comes in ; the "flourishing manner," the exultation with which he receives the pardon given to him. Leontine, like Olivia, is still in the dark as to the truth.

444, *rhodomontade manner* : triumphant, high-flown behaviour. More properly *rodomontade*, from Rodomonte, a boastful character in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* ; said to be derived from Lombard *rodare*, to turn about, and *monte*, a mountain. Here used as an adjective.

455, *booby* : fool, idiot ; from Span. *bo-bo*, a blockhead, dolt.

458, *that I have . . . away*. Discovering his mistake, Leontine tries to explain his use of the word "marrying" as meaning giving her away at the marriage ceremony. At a certain point in that ceremony the priest says, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" when the father, or some other friend of the bride, signifies that he does so.

459, 60, *I have . . . it* : I have set my heart on doing it.

464, *the writings* : the legal documents necessary to be drawn out before marriage when money or property has to be settled on the wife, or, as in the present case, when the wife has money or property which at her marriage comes to her husband under certain conditions.

469, *Do you . . . child?* said in consequence of the tone of Olivia's words, which seemed to imply that she was by no means as happy as she professed to be.

478, *to repeat our mortification* : to expose us to any further disappointment such as we have already suffered.

481, 2, *repose . . . bosom* : tell him our unfortunate position, and ask his advice and help.

ACT III.

1, *as good men* : men in as good position of life.

2, *no disparagement . . . neither* : I say this without any intention of implying that you are not a man of rank and wealth.

3, *go, stake, bet* ; a phrase very common in former days, and still in use at some games at cards : *cribbage*, a game at cards usually played by two persons, but sometimes by three and even four. In the two-handed game five cards are dealt to both

players, each of whom, after examining his hand, throws out two cards, which constitute the "crib" (or secret store of cards), whence the name of the game.

3-5, I **challenge . . . myself**. While boasting of his "genteel" practice, he is guilty of the vulgarism "more genteeler." By "genteel practice" he means the exercise of his business as a bailiff, which he boasts is not among the lower sort of debtors, but only among men of position. He also describes his business by the term "practice," usually confined to the professional classes, lawyers, physicians, etc. So, just below, he speaks of himself as belonging to the legal profession.

20, **capus**, a blunder for *capias*, an abbreviation of the words *capias ad satisfaciendum* (i.e. you may seize for the purpose of satisfying the debt) used in the writ by means of which a creditor may imprison the person of his debtor, against whom judgment has been given.

21, **But, come, . . . name** : but, never mind that, I don't object to telling you my name.

29, 30, **my request . . . manner**, I have so pleasant an argument to use, *sc.* the argument of a bribe.

32, **trifle**, trifling debt.

37, 8, **that's another . . . oath**, that's quite a different matter, and one that comes within my oath, is not excluded by my oath : **maxum**, i.e. maxim, is a general principle, literally a saying of the greatest importance, put for *maxima sententiarum* the chief of opinions. Here the bailiff means that there is nothing in Honeywood's proposal contrary to his principle of action : granting favours generally is against his oath, but granting this favour, when backed by such a powerful argument as money, is a different thing.

43, 4, **takes nothing . . . does** : is not vexed at anything I do.

45, **give**, another vulgarism, for "gave."

47, 8, **I have taken . . . together**. I have, in return for his liberality, pretended that I could not find him anywhere, and so could not arrest him : in plain language, he is always ready enough to accept a bribe.

52, 3, **by my heart**, by giving way to my generous impulses.

60, **in our way**, in the exercise of our duties.

70, **But, to business**, but, to proceed to business now that we have settled this matter of humanity.

71, **set in case**, suppose. The bailiff seems to have jumbled together two expressions, "put case" and "in case."

73, **a good face**, i.e. one that is not likely to betray what he is.

73, **a little seedy**, as regards his clothes, somewhat run to seed : they having lost their first freshness, their bloom being rubbed off.

75, **Smoke the pocket-holes**, give a glance at his tattered pockets : **smoke**, "a slang term now obsolete : cf. 'with sulky eye he smoked the patient man,' *Letter to the Rev. H. Goldsmith* ; 'Very well, sir,' cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winking on the rest of the company,' etc. ; *Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. vii. 24" (Littledale).

81, **the brown and silver**, that made of brown cloth and trimmed with silver lace. The costumes worn by men in those days were much richer than at present, and were usually ornamented with gold or silver lace, like military uniforms now.

83, 4, **because . . . new**, which, the servant means to say, was the very reason why you should *not* have given it away, though you, in your foolish generosity, scorned to give anything less handsome.

88, **that first . . . hand**, the first you may find on opening my wardrobe.

91, **Rabbit me**, "the imperative of a verb occurring only in that mood, and used as an interjection equal to *confound*, Fr. *rabattre*, to beat down, humble" (Ogilvie, quoted by Littledale) : **Rabbit . . . tret**, hang me if he does not look, *i.e.* assuredly he does look well.

92, **bit of flesh**, man ; said with a patronising air of approval.

94, **scout**, *sc.* after debtors : **the four counties**, those immediately round London, viz., Essex, Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey : **a shy cock**, one who is trying to hide from his creditors.

95, **scents . . . hound**, scents a debtor as quickly as a hound scents a fox : **sticks . . . weasel**, is no more to be shaken off in his grip of a debtor than a weasel from the prey on which it has fastened.

96, **master of the ceremonies**, one who at court regulates the proceedings on all great ceremonials, levees, etc.

98, **ecod**, a variant of *egad*, which is a corruption of *A God*, *i.e.* on God, a petty form of oath. **I don't care . . . have**, I should not object to having.

109, 10, **I'm yet to thank . . . library**, I have not yet thanked you for the trouble you took in making a selection of books for me.

112, **was obliged**, received a favour.

115, 6, **I fear . . . informed**, *sc.* that he had been made a prisoner in his own house.

119, **good circuit weather**, good weather for going on circuit. Like his superior, Flanigan describes his business of hunting down debtors by a term properly applied to the movements of judges when going round the country to hold assizes.

120, **You officers**. Honeywood tries to make Miss Richland believe that Twitch and Flanigan are military officers, not officers of a court of justice.

128, in the Fleet : with a pun on the Fleet prison.

131, so few of wit, so few instances of poets skilful in describing deeds of bravery : wit was formerly used in a wider sense than at present, as = wisdom, ingenuity, talent, etc.

135, Hawke, Edward, Lord (1705-81), Admiral ; gained several victories over the French fleets, notably that of Quiberon in 1759 ; was First Lord of the Admiralty from 1766 to 1771 : Amherst, Jeffrey, Lord (1717-97), British general : served on the Continent and in America, where he was remarkably successful, capturing Montreal and regaining possession of Newfoundland from the French.

140, the most . . . critic. The French have always been eminent as critics.

142, *Me parlez vous. Parlez-vous Français ?* is French for "do you speak French ?" and so, as a contemptuous name, Frenchmen were called "*parlez-voos*." So in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 35, we have "these *pardonnez-moys*"; these affected apers of French courtesy. Similarly, in the way of nick-names, a Frenchman was sometimes called a "Johnny Crapaud," a toad (*crapaud*) being among the ancient armorial bearings of France ; and in Arbuthnot, *History of John Bull*, a Dutchman is called "Nic. Frog," from the fact of large parts of Holland being often submerged by water.

147, scold them : as in the words "Damn the French."

150, the severity . . . taste, *sc.* in matters of criticism.

151, to taste us : to criticise us.

152, Taste us : taken literally by the bailiff.

153, I'll be damn'd . . . bellyful : they assuredly will not be content with a taste, but will want a whole bellyful.

156, What makes . . . rising ? What is it that causes the price of bread to rise ? An allusion to the rise in prices caused by the taxes laid on to meet the expenses of the French war. Cunningham compares the *Rejected Addresses*, "Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise ; Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies ?"

160, all will be out : everything will be discovered.

168, 9, that have . . . them : in whom there are absurd traits of character, but still agreeable ones.

170, all my eye : all nonsense, all moonshine.

173, I see . . . argument : I see fully the direction in which your argument drives.

177, *habus corpus, i.e. habeas corpus* : "you may have your body ;" a Writ of Right, passed "for the better security of the subject," in 1679. Any person imprisoned by the order of a court may have a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring him before the court of Queen's Bench or Common Pleas, which shall determine whether

his committal is just. The *Habeas Corpus* Act can be suspended by Parliament for a specified time when the emergency is extreme, and such suspensions have taken place at various times, especially during rebellions and insurrections.

183, *nabb'd*, arrested, taken prisoner. "A cant word, probably introduced by sailors, but of perfectly respectable origin [Scandinavian]" (*Skeat, Ety. Dict.*).

190, *sink of themselves*: sink into oblivion, from their own weight of dulness.

193, *by the elevens*: a phrase of uncertain origin, occurring again in *She Stoops to Conquer*, ii. 1. Probably, as Littledale thinks, a form of swearing by the eleven apostles.

196, 7, *what you'd be at*: the line of argument you would take up.

203, 4, *make the matter out*: make the matter clear.

204, *This here*: now a vulgarism; so "they" for "them" in the next line.

213, 4, *After you*: said as he politely shows him the way to the door.

215, *Before and behind*, *i.e.* our rule is that one of us goes before and the other behind a prisoner, to make sure of his not escaping either way.

219, *what should it mean*: what else can it possibly mean.

232, *to undertake . . . free*, *sc.* by paying the claims against him.

234, *unhinged*: put out of joint, disarranged.

237, *softer passion*, *i.e.* than mere generosity, *sc.* love.

241, *enlarged*: set free.

249, *It must come . . . you*: such information as to his character will come very badly from your lips; for if, on the one hand, you have anything evil to say of him, it will look like malice, considering how you have treated him; while if, etc.

252, *impeaching*: finding fault with, accusing. From O.F. *empescher*, to hinder; the first step in an accusation before a court being to secure the personal attendance on the day of trial, thus impeding his free action.

264, *a gainer . . . others*: one who has profited by the extravagance of others; she supposing him to be a money-lender, who has helped him to be extravagant by loans at a high rate of interest.

271, *in hopes of a refusal*: when there is no expectation of their being accepted, while at the same time the person who offers such services gets the credit of generosity.

275, *contain*, *sc.* within me; restrain.

276, 7, *careful . . . interest*: anxious to secure his welfare by any means in my power.

282, **forward** : wanting in maidenly modesty.

292, **important** : self-important, full of his own consequence, dignity.

296, **than his person**, *i.e.* they hardly know him even by sight, much less are intimate friends of his.

299, 300, **Remember . . . unknown** : be careful to pretend that you do not know who I am.

303, **visit to**. We should now say "visit," or "pay a visit to" : a chair, a sedan-chair ; a kind of seated litter carried on the shoulders of four men ; so called from Sedan in France. They were first seen in England in 1581, and came into general use about 1650.

304, **Punctual . . . humanity** : as usual, always ready at the right moment to do an act of kindness.

306, **shown everywhere** : introduced to all the people whose acquaintance is worth making.

308, **I find . . . own** : I find that you are ever prompt to take upon yourself the misfortunes of others, to share their burdens and try to lessen them.

315, 6, **the lower house** : the House of Commons.

317, 8, **And, after all . . . patronage** : and yet, after all, he is so foolish in his independence that he would reject such help, useful as it might be.

326, **Meaning me, Sir?** Are you addressing me, Sir? said indignantly, as if Sir William had taken a great liberty in speaking to one of so much importance as himself. He then goes on to address Miss Richland, as though Sir William did not deserve notice.

332, **in employment**, *sc.* diplomatic employment.

337, **let it . . . further** : do not mention anywhere, for it is a secret.

340, **Either . . . Sir**, *i.e.* one of us two did it, and it was not you.

343, **a toast-master** : one who announces the toasts to be drunk at a public dinner. A "toast" is both the health drunk and the person whose health is drunk. "It was formerly usual to put toasted bread in liquor : see Shakespeare, *Merry Wives*, iii. 5. 33. The story of the origin of the present use of the word is given in the *Tatler*, No. 24, June 4, 1709 : 'Many wits of the last age will assert that the word in its present sense was known among them in their youth, and had its rise in an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of King Charles the Second. It happened that, on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half

fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the *liquor*, he would have the *toast*. He was opposed in his resolution ; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a *toast*.' Whether the story be true or not, it may be seen that a *toast*, i.e. a health, easily took its name from being the usual accompaniment to liquor, especially in loving-cups, etc." (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*)

344, had . . . head : was better able to drink freely without getting drunk—a qualification for a toast-master. Of course Lofty, in speaking of such qualities as recommendations to his patronage, is doing all he can to sneer at Sir William's fitness for the post he held.

347, as a choice spirit : as one who sets himself up for wit and a pleasant boon-companion.

349, have reason, *sc.* for being grateful : pretty considerable, of no slight value in the way of salary.

352, wanted dignity, lacked dignity.

355, Ay, tall . . . regiment : O, yes ; tall enough for a private in an infantry regiment ; said with infinite contempt.

356, a consequence of form : a dignity of person. Lofty's expression is somewhat ambiguous, from his not quite knowing what he himself meant.

364, a place in me, i.e. in my gift, at my disposal. do me . . . there, you help me in one way, and I'll help you in another.

365, 6, interest . . . over : each of us has influence in one direction or another ; there is no need of many words ; that's settled, we are mutually agreed, and there's an end of the matter. This "bald, disjointed chat" is intended to signify the familiarity with which Lofty is accustomed to talk to persons of importance.

373, 4, The devil . . . acquainted : Confound it ! if I had been aware of that, I should not have pretended to be so intimate with him.

376, signal service : the greatest possible service.

382, shall even . . . him : shall not only see him, but shall call upon him for that purpose.

385, we, used with the pomposity of a royal personage.

389, my Lord Grig : a fictitious person.

389, 90, Pensacola business. "Pensacola, on the west of the coast of Florida, in the Gulf of Mexico, came into prominence for a short time during the Seven Years' War (1756-1763). Burke (1769), *Observations on a late State of the Nation*, 'The conquest of the Havannah, if it did not serve Spain, rather distressed England, says our author. But the molestation which her galleons may suffer from our station in Pensacola gives us

advantages, for which we were not allowed to credit the nation for the Havannah itself ; a place surely full as well situated for every external purpose as Pensacola, and of more internal benefit than ten thousand Pensacolas.' (*Works*, ed. Rogers, i. 84.)" (Littledale.)

394, 5, *face . . . way* : I always seek a personal interview.

397, *'Zounds*, or "swoonds," or "sounds," *i.e.* God's wounds, the wounds inflicted on Our Saviour at Crucifixion, was a favourite form of oath in former times.

401, *if my commands*. Lofty just before had vowed that he was ready to do anything if she commanded it.

404, *a debate at midnight* : a debate in the House of Commons on some business of such interest, that a heated discussion was going on even till midnight.

404, *a power so constitutional*. Lofty represents himself as so loyal a subject to Miss Richland that he is as ready to obey any command of hers as a loyal subject would obey any command of constitutional authority, such as the sovereign or parliament.

410, *hopeful, precious* ; said ironically.

412-4, *Thy false . . . destroy* : as cosmetics only destroy that complexion which for the time being they seem to improve, so the false colourings of vanity, the false hopes which vanity raises in us, in the end only help to ruin us.

416, *if he can reflect* : if he is capable of serious reflection.

419, *At his wits' ends* : utterly at a loss what to do. Jarvis answers as though "his wits' ends" were a place.

419, *gotten* : old p.p. of to "get."

423, *tooth and nail* : with all his energies and means at his command ; like an animal using tooth and nail in an encounter.

425, *passes in the house for*, is supposed by the family to be.

434, 5, *a bill . . . city*. The bill would be of the nature of a cheque which the merchant in the city would cash on its being presented, Honeywood at the same time making himself answerable for payment of the amount to his friend.

444, *the land of matrimony*, *sc.* Scotland. See note on i. 440.

448, *but too much*, only too much ; with the implication that no hindrance would be put in the way by them.

452, *to establish that connection* : to bring about that union.

453, *the letter . . . for*, *sc.* from Lofty ; said with irony.

ACT IV.

1, *Well, sure . . . defiles*, it must surely be the devil that has prompted me to run into difficulties such that, etc. : *defile*,

literally a narrow passage through which a company of soldiers can pass only in file ; from Lat. *filum*, a thread.

3-5, I was formally . . . **frugality** : I used not be so reckless in promising places and pensions (which I knew I had no power of giving).

6, **Court Register**, register of court appointments.

7, 8, **why scruple**, why should I hesitate to tell : **to come at**, to win as my wife.

12, **my concurrence**, *sc.* with others who were working in your behalf : **in a train**, in a fair way. We more commonly say "in train."

33, **my rent-roll**, my income from landed property.

37, **But where . . . tend ?** But what is your object in putting me such questions ?

38-41, **The town . . . merit** : people, it is true, when they condescend to talk of so insignificant a person as myself, say that I never yet have shown favours to a deserving man ; said with an affectation of humility, and hinting that Honeywood was a man of merit.

54, 5, **which, if . . . reproaches** : which, if I had been mistaken in supposing you had helped me, would seem like reproaches for your not having done so.

57, **cavalierly** : with very little real courtesy.

58, **Blood** ! a contraction of *'sblood*, *i.e.* God's blood, a form of oath like *'zounds*.

59, **parade**, unnecessary show of gratitude.

65, **fall-out**, quarrel.

68, **not a patron**, *i.e.* one who expects the humblest gratitude for his favours.

74, **A bagatelle** : a mere trifle ; strictly a French word said to be a diminutive of the Parisian *bagata*, a little property.

84, **make love for me** : court the lady in my behalf.

89, 90, **She has struck . . . bosom** : love for her has completely penetrated my heart.

94, **opened the affair to her** : said something to her in my behalf by way of introducing the subject.

110, **Love, friendship** : on the one side is love, urging me to declare my passion, on the other side friendship, urging me to plead for *Lofty*.

112, **distressed himself** : put himself to great inconvenience by paying money for me that he could ill afford.

113, **fondling**, foolishly cherished : *fond*, of which **fondling** is a diminutive, was originally *fanned*, the p.p. of the verb *fennen*, to act foolishly.

124, **snubbing**, contemptuous treatment : **to bear . . . afterwards**, insinuating that she was sure to receive such treatment

from her husband when the first ardour of love should have spent itself.

133, *Not a stick*: not the smallest trifle.

134, *the white and silver*: your white dress embroidered with silver.

137, *as sure . . . eggs*, a vulgarism for "assuredly": a *miff*, a slight dispute, display of ill-humour; an obsolete provincialism corresponding to the modern "tiff"; cp. *Peter Pindar*, i. 81, "Deal Gainsborough a lash for pride so stiff, Who robs us of such pleasure for a *miff*."

143, *what if*: suppose that; would it not be a good idea?

144, *in case of necessity*: in case your husband that is to be should have forgotten to bring one.

148, *to Jericho*: a vulgar euphemism for "go to the devil," "go and be hanged."

149, *this bout*: this turn, this occasion; from Dan. *bugt*, a bend, turn.

153, *upon the city*, i.e. upon the merchant in the city on whom it was drawn: a *rush*, the merest trifle.

161, *a cork-jacket*: a jacket or belt formed of cork, and used in preserving life, or as a help in learning to swim.

175, *it will be . . . you*: it will look better for you to ask him for the money than for me who am to be his bride to do so.

176, *indite*: properly to dictate for writing, then to compose, write. Garnet thinks it a fine word to use.

178, 9, *All out . . . suppose*! I suppose I am to say just what comes into my head, not to use words of your dictating.

181, *Muster*, a corruption of "Mister," i.e. "Master."

185, *Expedition*— . . . *love*. As she writes, she reads out fragments of her letter.

192, *Odso*: another oath, with a corruption of God's name.

201, *Soft and fair*: gently, gently; don't be in such a hurry.

217, *odds-bobs*: a reduplicated form of asseveration, the first element in which is a corruption of "God."

220, *shaved*: cheated of all of our money; left us bare of money as a man is of hair after shaving.

223, *rogue of . . . a butler*: roguish butler.

22, 8, 9, *he can make . . . it*: he can't make out in the very least what it means.

230, *Bedlam*: a corruption of *Bethlehem*, an asylum for lunatics, originally the hospital of St Mary of Bethlehem, situated in Moorfields, but now transferred to St George's-fields.

232, *in the horrors*: like a man suffering from *delirium tremens*, in which the wretched drunkard fancies that all manner of horrid animals, etc., are trying to get at him.

235, **just such another**: another letter in precisely the same terms.

239, **an incendiary letter**: a letter written to threaten that my house will be burned down unless I do as the writer bids me.

241, 2, **in the . . . spelling**, as badly spelt as letters from that class of wretches usually are: **cramp**, cramped, and so hard to decipher, as such letters are, in order to avoid detection.

245, 6, **gunnes, guineas**: **tell, till**: **experetion, expedition**: **all blown up**, completely ruined.

250, **low**: nearly empty.

253, 4, **if this takes . . . flame**: Garnet, of course, speaking figuratively, meant, "if this plot of ours comes to be known, there will be a terrible commotion in the family;" but Croaker takes the words in a literal sense.

255, 6, **but a bonfire to it**, nothing more than a trifle in comparison: **bonfire**, originally a fire in which bones were burnt in the open air, then a fire to consume corpses; a fire in which heretics, proscribed books, etc., were burnt; and lastly, a large fire kindled in the open air for a celebration, display, or amusement,—the modern sense.

258, **go**: walk.

271, **a certificate of it**: that which assures me of the certainty of its happening.

274, **crew**: said contemptuously of his family.

288, **the engine**: the fire-engine; formerly small engines of the kind were kept by private persons.

294, **this palpitation**: this quick beating of the heart which I feel at the prospect of meeting him.

296, **that seemed particular**: that showed he had something to say that concerned me especially and in a particular way.

296, **sure he . . . to**: he cannot possibly mean to make me a proposal of marriage.

305, **to mine**: compared to mine.

309, **to rally me**: to banter me, to quiz me.

311, **painting**: using rouge to heighten the beauty of the complexion.

311, **warmer**, in colour than that of any rouge.

314, **to make . . . myself, &c.** by showing that my colour was natural.

317, **take her out**: offer his hand to lead her out to a dance.

319, **the finest . . . company**: the handsomest woman present, *sc.* Miss Richland herself.

322, 3, **has since . . . impression**: has since shown you that you made a mistake when at first sight you admired me so much.

328, **conscious**: self-conscious, conscious of her own beauty.

329, **insolent**: haughty.

339, **They . . . reflect**: I beg that you would think awhile before you make any rash request; 'd, *i.e.* *would*, more ceremoniously polite than *will*.

349, **though he should be**: even though he should happen to be; the conditional **should be**, instead of the indicative **is**, is used in a deferential way; but while Honeywood is talking of Lofty, Miss Richland supposes, from his humility of language, that he means himself.

354, 5, **as he seemed . . . value**: as he seemed to think it a thing not worth having, and therefore a thing that anyone might take who cared to have it.

367, **regard**: affection, love.

370, **your confusion**, the emotion that such an announcement gives birth to: **know . . . it**, see that it means you reciprocate his love.

380, **who has been . . . own**: who has so little known how to take care of his own.

389-91, **it's your . . . occasion?** there is nothing you would wish more than to make me utterly miserable by this discovery of yours?

395, **trumpery**: nonsense, idle surmise.

396, **house of Loretto**. At Loretto, near Ancona, in Italy, "is the *Casa Santa*, or Holy House, in which it is pretended the Virgin Mary lived at Nazareth, and said to have been carried by angels into Dalmatia from Galilee in 1291, and brought here a few years later." . . . (Haydn, *Dict. of Dates*.)

397, **a house of correction**: a prison-house in which offenders were whipped, etc.

402, 3, **till the rising . . . curtain**: till the curtain (on the stage) is drawn up and the tragedy begins to be acted.

414, **lovey here**: my darling wife here, but said with ironical affection.

417, **suffer**: endure.

426, 7, **lie down . . . injury**: tamely submit to such, etc.

444, **apprehensions**: fears, timid anticipations.

449, **the rattle**: the sound made by the rattlesnake when approaching its prey; hence a note of warning.

461, **A plague of plagues**: the doubling of the word is intensive, *i.e.* adds force to his angry expression.

470, **the bar**: the counter where drink is sold.

471, 2, **what if you . . . there?** would it not be a capital plan for us to go there?

476, **miscreant**, wretch, vile fellow; from O.F. *mescreant*, *miscreant*, *misbelieving*: a **masked battery**, a battery in which the guns are concealed from view, and suddenly open fire upon an unsuspecting enemy.

477, 8, **hang . . . surprise** : get him hanged before he knows where he is. There is an allusion to the confession of guilt frequently made of their own accord by criminals before being hanged.

489, **hydra** : the fabulous snake of Lerna, near Argos, in the Peloponnesus, with nine heads, one of which was immortal; slain by Hercules.

ACT V.

2, **post-chaise** : a carriage drawn by post-horses; a method of travelling adopted by those who wished to make a journey with great speed.

3-5, **as they . . . time** : a sarcastic hit at Olivia's anxiety to get on her way quickly.

16, 17, **resolutions . . . inclination** : people never fail to keep to their purpose when that purpose harmonises with their inclination.

19, **a plaguy hurry**, a confounded hurry, as modern slang would say: the **faster**, all the faster for not being in a hurry; see note ii. 51.

22, 3, **the Lamb, the Dolphin, the Angel** : names given to the different rooms in an inn, and so to the persons occupying them for the time being. See *i. Henry the Fourth*, ii. 4. 30, 42.

26, **I find . . . Scotland**, I see that you are on your way to Scotland : **as you are**, a vulgarism (now) for "that you are."

30, **for a tailor**, considering he was a tailor : **as fine a spoken**, should be "as fine spoken a," etc.

31, **as ever . . . pot**, *i.e.* as ever drank a pot of ale.

33, **of raspberry**, of raspberry wine, wine made from raspberries, with little or no alcohol in it, and so, in the landlady's opinion, fitted for ladies : **between us**, *i.e.* she helping her to drink part of it.

37, **seldom turn out** : seldom come to much good. Cunningham refers to No. xxix. of Goldsmith's *Unacknowledged Essays*, where examples of these unfortunate marriages are given.

49, 50, **has been protested** : has been publicly refused payment by the person on whom it was drawn; the technical term when a bill is dishonoured, disavowed.

54, **he only mistook . . . us** : he merely made a mistake in supposing it was in his power to help us; *i.e.*, he believed that his friend's bill was sure to be honoured, cashed.

58, **quite ready**, *i.e.* without taking something to drink.

60, 1, **as pretty raspberry**, as choice raspberry wine : **was ever . . . tongue**, was ever drunk; the glass being "tipt" or "tilted" in the act of drinking.

61, **a thimble-full**: the least drop, as much as a thimble would hold.

63, **a perfect nosegay**: as sweet-scented as a bunch of flowers.

64, **up went . . . word**. The effect produced by the raspberry wine was shown by the joyous way in which they set off.

69, 70, **wherever . . . mark**: those who sell themselves to the devil may always be recognised by their evil looks.

74, **raw**: cold and damp.

79, **Wha**: an exclamation of impatience.

85, **kept . . . employment**: occupied his attention so that he would not have had time to think of other things.

99, **look most shockingly**: put on a most frightful look.

104, 5, **I am . . . servant**: said with ironical bitterness.

108, 9, **I shall know . . . before**: your proceedings will be as incomprehensible to me as they are now.

119, **conducted, i.e.** he did more than *direct* me, he brought me here.

125, **sirrah**: sir; a word used either with anger or impatience to inferiors, or with disrespect or undue familiarity to equals or superiors; of old, sometimes used even to females.

129, 30, **I shall study . . . deserves**. Said equivocally, Leontine of course meaning that he will endeavour to punish Honeywood for his treachery.

140, **he shall . . . satisfaction**. To "give satisfaction" to any one was the technical expression for meeting him in a duel.

144, **guilt, i.e.** by taking his life.

162, **and that . . . master**. Implying that he, too, was an old fool, from the saying, "Like master, like man."

170, **know you**: have discovered your baseness.

180, 1, **reaches me**: wounds me to the quick, goes home like the thrust of a sword.

183, **allurements to betray**: temptations held out to me in order that you may be able to betray me.

187, 8, **he has . . . face**: he has a hang-dog look, a look such as would be seen in one who had committed murder.

201, **jesuitical**. See note on i. 208.

204, **to bring 'em off**: to make out that they are innocent.

216, 7, **Sure me . . . beating**: don't try to make me sure of anything; I know that I have been well beaten, and that's the only thing I am sure of.

227, **support me**. Said as she is about to faint.

228, **she's going**: she is about to faint.

231, **not so . . . neither**: I am not so cruel as that, whatever they may think of me.

232, **all's out**: everything is discovered.

254, 5, **as wise as I am, sc.** as regards this matter.

266, of the west? who lives in the west of England?

268, a mercenary wretch: a fellow who cared about nothing except what he could make (in the way of money) out of the charge entrusted to him.

285, Obstinate . . . outrage! What an obstinate fellow he is still to persist in insulting me after all I have told him as to my innocence in the matter!

289, 90, lest . . . me! in the fear lest some one person or other, however worthless his opinion might be, should fail to recognise my good nature.

300, 1, generosity . . . it: a disposition so generous as to take every pains that you may enjoy that wealth to the very utmost.

307, obliged by all: under obligations to every one.

313, 4, Inferiority . . . easy: among strangers a sense of inferiority may be borne easily.

319, insolence: presumption.

329, Is the coast clear? Are we alone? Is there no one to interfere with our privacy?

331, it goes no farther, you must not mention it to a soul: for a discovery, for letting it be known how matters are proceeding.

332, spirits: "mysterious influences at work in the committee for settling your claim" (Littledale).

333, a thousand years. Lofty keeps up his mysterious air by pretending that he dare not mention any shorter time than a thousand years, though of course he wishes it to be understood that the settlement of her claim will only be the matter of a few days at most: Mum, hush! do not say a word about it!

337, that know . . . parry: who know well how to deliver their blows and how to ward off those of their opponents; i.e. in plain terms, how to manage a business adroitly; a metaphor from fencing.

238, how . . . lies: in what position affairs stand.

343, Quietus . . . word. Littledale takes this as equivalent to "Mum's the word," i.e. don't say a word about it. But there seems to be an allusion to the word *Quietus* as affixed to an account in token that it has been discharged in full.

355, Paoli: Pasquale de' (1726-1807), Corsican patriot, headed the struggle for independence against Genoa; but when the island was transferred to France, came to England, where he died.

356, Marquis of Squilachi: "an Italian, minister of finance and war at Madrid, very unpopular, and the cause of riots, which the King (Charles III.) ascribed to Jesuit plots. The suppression of the Jesuits in Spain followed." . . . (Littledale.)

357, Poniatowski, Stanislaus Augustus (1732-98), last king of Poland (1764-92).

365, 6, You will find . . . presently: you will find, if you wait

for the end of the story, that the result was something very different from what appears at the outset.

372, *let me die*, *i.e.* the story is enough to kill me with laughter.

384, 5, *things . . . curtain*: it does not do for Sir William and myself to be found in conference together.

385, *A party . . . eyes*: we are obliged to be cautious, or the several parties we belong to would soon find out that we were negotiating together.

386, *He sides . . . Goose*: he votes with Lord Buzzard's party in politics, I with Sir Gilbert Goose's.

395, *discomposed*: vexed, annoyed.

398, *by inns and outs*: by both sides, those in power and those in opposition.

399, 400, *the Gazetteer . . . St James's*, the two chief organs of the respective parties: *chaired*, carried in a chair on the shoulders of his admirers at a public meeting: *Wildman's*, the name, I suppose, of some coffee-house or club.

401, *Merchant . . . Hall*: the hall of the guild or company of Merchant Tailors in Bishopgate, which was incorporated in 1466. The Hall, "a noble chamber (90 feet by 48), rich in stained glass, and surrounded by the arms of the members," was built after the great fire of London.

406, *have I . . . suspects?* have I been called upon to sign public memorials in order to give them a weight they would not otherwise have had? has my likeness been exhibited in the print-shops as that of a famous person, and is the only result of such fame that I am to be suspected by a fellow like you?

408, *rest of the gang*. By using the term *gang*, he means to show how very little he thinks of even such exalted personages.

412, 3, *as well acquainted . . . truth*, *i.e.* not acquainted at all with such subjects, persons, qualities.

416, *ensigns . . . Bath*, insignia or badges of the Order of the Bath, *i.e.* the sash and cross worn by its members: *the Bath*, next to the Order of the Garter, the highest of English orders of knighthood, was established by George I. in 1725, to consist of the sovereign, a grand-master, and thirty-six knights. This is a pretended revival of an Order supposed to have been created by Henry IV. at his coronation in 1399. It is now chiefly a military and naval distinction, though there are also civil Companions and Knights of the Order.

419-21, *my confounded . . . window*: my accursed cleverness, on which I so prided myself, has fooled me to the height of presumption, only to make my fall the greater.

427, *the pillory*: a wooden frame erected on a stool, with holes and folding boards for the admission of the head and hands

of those who had to stand in it by way of public punishment and disgrace.

429, **cuts . . . figure** : looks a poor thing enough.

434, **boding** : foreboding, anxious doubts.

444, **a stolen match** : a clandestine marriage.

449, 50, **tack them together** : a colloquialism for "join in marriage."

450, **crossing the Tweed** : going to Scotland ; the Tweed river dividing the two countries.

456, **I have here . . . me** : I have in my nephew here something that calls upon me to speak.

462, 3, **those splendid errors**, those follies of extravagance : **that still . . . duty**, which ever in your case disguised themselves under the colour of some duty near at hand ; for which you found an excuse in calling them a pressing duty.

467, to **add . . . error** : to give a lively character to your wanderings from the right path.

470, **prostitution** : degradation.

477, **marshal, collect**, bring together in an orderly manner : **dissipated**, scattered.

483, **cunninger** : cleverer ; not used in a bad sense.

486, **enlargement** : freedom from arrest.

488, **preferment**, promotion : **my place**, the false position he had assumed as a man of importance.

506, 7, **but Heaven . . . months!** Amidst the general rejoicing, Croaker cannot refrain from gloomy fears.

513, 4, **lest fools should disapprove** : lest I should be censured by fools for not seeing merit in their folly.

EPILOGUE.

1, **puffing quacks**, impostors who cry up their wares by spurious methods : **cattiff**, literally a "captive," then "a mean fellow," and so, in an adjectival sense, as here, for "mean."

5, **coaxing up** : putting into good-humour.

6, **a bitter pill** : a poor play ; one difficult to swallow down.

7, **has gone about** : in every direction, to find some one to help him in the matter.

9, 10, **things . . . it**. The words he uses when asking this aid.

11, **laid up in clover**, now no longer plying his trade, but living in comfortable ease : **clover**, a kind of trefoil grass, a favourite food with cattle.

13, **kick the straw** : frisk about, indulge in pranks.

18, **To-night . . . Warwick-lane**. "Apparently an allusion to

G. BELL



& SONS